SPORTING, BUT CLEAN.

# The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 9. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING JANUARY 2, 1909. ONE PENNY.


# 1904 CROP

¶ Ten years ago you tasted the true flavour of Virginia Tobacco at its best.

The opportunity has again returned.

The 1904 crop of Virginia tobacco was the best produced during the past ten years.

This fine tobacco has now been maturing for four years.

It is now in the best possible condition—mild, yet full of the true Virginia flavour, and it possesses a delightful aroma.

Carreras purchased the entire British consignment of the 1904 fine Virginia crop.

All Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes are now being made from the famous 1904 crop Virginia.

Every Black Cat Virginia Cigarette containing 1904 crop tobacco has a small Maltese Cross printed above the trade mark—just above the cat's head—on every cigarette.

Look for the Maltese Cross—it is a guarantee of 1904 crop.

The only Virginia Cigarettes sold to-day which contain the tobacco of 1904 CROP are

# Black Cat

FINE MATURED VIRGINIA—1904 CROP

# Cigarettes

**NOTE.** 1904 Crop Virginia is used only in Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes—not in Black Cat Mixture Cigarettes.

**10 for 3d.**

Packets: 10 for 3d.; 20 for 6d.
Boxes: 50 for 1/3, 100 for 2/6.

**Test** Light a Black Cat Virginia and any other Virginia Cigarette together. Smoke from each alternately and *pass the smoke through the nose.* The smoke from Black Cat will be smooth and mild—the other will "bite" the sensitive nerves in the nose. Black Cat Tobacco is perfectly matured, the other is "green." *Any* Virginia cigarette at *any* price may be tested as above with a Black Cat Virginia.

**THE QUEEN'S CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK.**

We present a free copy of this Book in exchange for 100 empty packets and paper sealing bands from Black Cat Virginia Cigarettes. Particulars on application to "The Queen's Gift Book," Carreras, Ltd., 40, St. James' Place, Aldgate, London, E.C.


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# Mr. GEO. R. SIMS

TELLS THE STORY OF HIS GREAT DISCOVERY,
THE RENOWNED HAIR RENEWER,

# Tatcho

"WHEN I discovered the preparation which is known as 'Tatcho' I found that I had hit upon a remedy capable of working wonders," said Mr. George R. Sims to the Editor of the *Daily Mail*. "Look at my hair now. Look at the colour; isn't that convincing evidence of the value of my preparation? In time people got to know that I had discovered a renewer that had worked wonders in my own case. Then the trouble began.

"Letters in thousands poured in to me from men and women in every quarter of the world, from all parts of the kingdom, from America, India, Africa, China, and Australia. The work of answering the letters was enormous, and as far as possible the desired information was supplied; but it became quite evident that at the rate at which the demand was increasing I should very soon need a large staff of clerks to attend solely to the hair renewer department of correspondence.

"In consequence, I said to myself, Why should this thing go on? If the public wants my hair renewer, the public shall have it; but the demand must be met in the ordinary business-like way. So I resolved to place the genuine article, under the name of 'Tatcho,' which is the Romany word for 'genuine,' within reach of all, and with the assistance of a number of gentlemen, possessing the necessary commercial facilities, that has been accomplished.

"Ladies confirm my good opinion of it as a dressing for daily use. Mrs. Brown-Potter, whose beautiful hair is the admiration of the entire lady world, writes that she uses nothing but 'Tatcho.'"

This is the whole story of the hair renewer discovered by Mr. G. R. Sims.

To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate was formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet table of every member of the King's vast Empire.

## FOR YOUR HAIR.

**I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.**

*Geo R Sims*

# Tatcho

## WHAT SOCIETY AND THE ARMY AND NAVY SAY ABOUT THIS GREAT HAIR GROWER.

**DR. COOK ON "TATCHO."**

No other treatment can compare with "Tatcho." I have recommended it to hundreds.

*Philip. Cook M.D.*

**MAJ.-GEN. KEATE ON "TATCHO."**

High Croft, Winchester.

I find Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life. I could not have believed that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time.

*E. Keate*
*Major General*

**LADY SYKES ON "TATCHO."**

2, Chesterfield Street,
Mayfair, W.

When I first employed Mr. Geo. R Sims's "Tatcho" I had been losing my hair rapidly for a considerable time. After applying "Tatcho" I found a considerable improvement, and this has continued ever since. I cordially recommend "Tatcho."

*Jessie Sykes*

**COL. PERRY ON "TATCHO."**

Royal Hibernian Hotel,
Dawson Street, Dublin.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is wonderful, and all to whom I recommend it praise it. I hope others have advised the use of "Tatcho" as I have.

*E. Perry*
*Colonel*

**COL. BAGOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."**

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

I well know how valuable Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" is.

*R. Bagot Chester*

**THE NOVELIST "RITA."**

I consider you have conferred a boon on members of the great human family by your discovery of "Tatcho." In my opinion it is the only remedy worthy the name of Hair Restorer.

*Rita*

**COMR. T. WOLFE MURRAY ON "TATCHO."**

Trobridge, Crediton.

I have found Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" of distinct benefit to my hair.

*F. Wolfe Murray*
*Commander R.N.*

**LADY COLLINS ON "TATCHO."**

18, Ashburn Place,
Kensington, W.

Lady Collins has been induced to try Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho" owing to the fact that a near relative of hers used it for a short time, the result being that the hair began to grow fast and thick.

*Lady Collins*

## WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, know this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

## The COUPON

FOR A

## 4/6 Trial Bottle,

## TATCHO.

***Cut this out.***

**"TATCHO" COUPON.**

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

*Per Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co*

M. M.

# The Modern Man

*I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.*—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 9. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 2ND, 1909. ONE PENNY.


## BAD BOYS.

### SOME OLD THEORIES UPSET.

"It puzzles me," remarked an old schoolmaster to the writer, "how unsuccessful the good boy is in after life, and how frequently the bad boy disproves all prophecies with regard to his expected failure. I am still in the habit of saying to boys who neglect their work that they will never be successful like their better behaved comrades, but I know it isn't true.

"One boy I have in mind. He was first in every class except mathematics, and, when he left school, he carried off the prize as the best scholar of his year. I was not alone in supposing that a wonderful career lay before him.

"That was twenty years ago. He is now thirty-four, and I have just heard that he is a book-keeper in a commercial house at a salary of thirty-five shillings a week.

"Another case occurs to my mind, this time that of a bad boy. He played truant with frequency. His lessons were always badly prepared, he showed no sign of having any natural gifts. He was a contemporary of the other boy. Now he is the proprietor of a large motor works, which is, I believe, bringing him in a small fortune annually. I really do not know what can be the explanation of it all."

The problem which floors the worthy old schoolmaster may perhaps yield its secret to a less biassed investigator. The bad boy neglects his lessons, but school lessons are of small value in after life. One spends many a hundred hours of one's childhood in learning the elements of arithmetic, a subject which could be mastered in later years in as many minutes.

You have to learn Latin, which you promptly forget; and chemistry, which is of no practical service to the average man. The good boy works conscientiously at all these subjects, his mind centres round them alone, and he imagines that no other thing in life is of any importance. His outlook is therefore limited in a manner which renders success all but impossible.

While the good boy is poring over his books, let us observe how the bad boy is spending his evening. He steals up to a neighbour's door bell, rings it, runs away, and is perhaps caught before he reaches the end of the street. The next time he approaches this door he ties one end of a piece of stout rope to the handle and the other end to the iron railings beside it. He then tugs the bell violently and walks leisurely off, safe in the knowledge that his victims will waste several valuable minutes before they finally emerge from the back door in pursuit.

We see in this an interesting aspect of mental development. The boy has found it necessary to devise a safer method of annoying his neighbours, and he has succeeded. The readiness of thought and action which he is cultivating will stand him in excellent stead in after life.

The good boy, on the other hand, is so much accustomed to obey commands that he loses his balance in any position but a subordinate one. He becomes a commercial anvil on which some brighter, though less learned, spirit will hammer.

J. N. MARTIN.


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## ABOUT OURSELVES.

### OUR PROGRESS.

**Our readers have taken such a kindly interest in the success of THE MODERN MAN that we feel it our duty to let them know from time to time just how we are getting on.**

**Our new machinery has enabled us to cope better with the extraordinary demand for the paper, and we are now able to take advantage of it and to build up our circulation by thousands a week, instead of having to cut down orders by half, as we were compelled to do with our earlier numbers.**

**Before and during the Christmas holidays there is a great depression in the journalistic world, for during the festive season people are spending their money in other directions. Moreover, we had to compete with the Christmas double numbers of the sixpenny illustrated papers. In spite of this—in spite of the fact that the other penny weekly papers were slicing down their printing orders during the Christmas weeks—THE MODERN MAN has been steadily increasing in circulation, till now it occupies a front position in the ranks of penny papers—that is to say, in point of circulation. In regard to interest THE MODERN MAN has always stood head and shoulders above them all. Here is proof:**

### OUR £20 CHALLENGE.

**As you remember, we threw out a challenge in our first number, and subsequently repeated it, offering to put down £20 if our weekly contemporaries would do the same, all contestants to submit to the judgment of the editor of any independent daily newspaper. The paper which the judge considered most interesting was to have its money returned, the stakes of all the others were to be handed to King Edward's Hospital Fund.**

**Not one of our contemporaries has accepted that challenge.**

**Perhaps they remembered the old proverb about discretion being the better part of valour.**

**Our offer is still open if any of them cares to take it up.**

### A NEW SERIES.

**We have pleasure in announcing that next week we shall print the first of a new series of complete stories. The writer is Mr. H. Clay-Buckingham, and his name is absolutely unknown to the reading public.**

**He is, like the majority of our contributors, a discovery of our own. It is by finding new men that we have been able to infuse so much dash and originality into this paper.**

**Each story of the new series will be complete in itself. The general title is "The Solver," and the stories deal with the remarkable adventures of Edward Page, a scientific detective.**

**The detective stories to which the public have become accustomed are both uninteresting and far-fetched, because they depend for their solution wholly on chance and coincidence. "The Solver," on the other hand, obtains his results by observation and deduction, and his theories consequently not only hold the reader's attention but also afford him a stimulating mental exercise.**

**These are detective stories for intelligent readers—men of the world—and we assert without hesitation that they are the best detective stories ever written, bar none.**

**You will agree with us when you have read the first, which appears next week.**

## CLEAN SHAVING.

### SHOULD A MAN, OR SHOULDN'T HE?

I do not propose to say anything for or against beards. The beard is a dead horse which I shall leave Mr. Frank Richardson to flog. A City barber assured me the other day that not more than one in twenty-five customers wears a beard or whiskers, an assertion which personal observation leads me to believe to be true. The beard, therefore, being wholly out-of-date, need not be discussed.

The problem that faces the average man to-day is whether he shall wear a moustache or shave his upper lip, and the majority are deciding in favour of the latter course.

The moustache is useful for the following purposes:

(1) To hide bad teeth.
(2) To increase the apparent age.
(3) To save the trouble and expense of shaving.
(4) To hide a mouth that reveals weakness in the individual.

We do not all have bad teeth, and those of us who do generally purchase new ones.

Very young men who have started business on their own account find it advantageous to wear a moustache, in order to give people the impression that they are older than they are, and consequently that their financial position is more substantial. But this class forms a very small percentage of the community.

The majority of us find it necessary rather to give the impression that we are younger than we are, for it is the young man who gets the big salary in the business world to-day.

The argument about the expense of shaving may be more summarily dismissed, for it is just as cheap to get an all-over shave as to have only your cheeks and chin scraped.

Neither do we all have ugly mouths to conceal.

The moustache is the outward evidence of manhood, and it has been said by some that the fashion of clean shaving is a sign of degeneracy. If such be the case, we should be obliged to bar Napoleon, Nelson, most of our present statesmen, all our lawyers and judges from the ranks of men.

Moreover if we examine the Greek statues we find that nearly all of them represent clean-shaven men. Such busts as Themistocles and others in which beards appear were rather in the nature of portraits than subject studies. Wherever the Greek sculptors desire to typify the summit of manhood they gave us a clean-shaven face.

The final argument for the moustache is that it is natural. It is also natural for us to wear our hair long and to adorn ourselves with no further clothing than a waist clout. We have to be more than natural if we are to be civilised, and that argument also falls through.

The great point in favour of clean-shaving is that if you have a good firm mouth it is shown to full advantage, and consequently your appearance is the better for the daily rasp.

CHARLES BLYTH.

# OUR WAR ON WORRY.

*Why will men worry themselves so?*—THOREAU.

There is only one class to whom worry is beneficial; it consists of those who lack any proper outlet for their mental energy. Housewives, for instance, magnify every petty difficulty into a martyrdom and by worrying over it they supply their minds with the exercise necessary for health.

To all others worry is harmful, because it exhausts the thinking powers and makes them unfit for their proper work; it produces sleeplessness, and consequently low health, with the inevitable inability to resist disease.

The cure generally recommended is for the person worrying to say to his mind "Don't." Such a scheme is quite useless, for it is impossible for the mind to be inactive. The right way is to concentrate the thoughts on something else, preferably something pleasant.

**LOOK ON THE LIGHTER SIDE.**

If, for example, you are worrying as to the chances of success of a business undertaking, force your mind to the consideration of how you are going to spend your next week-end.

When the trouble has been banished for half-an-hour, your mind will be fresh to tackle it again, and perhaps you will be able to devise some means for the protection or furtherance of your interests; you will be able to think about the matter, instead of worrying over it, and the distinction between thought and worry must never be forgotten. The one is productive, the other merely paralysing.

To turn the thoughts from worry, which generally furnishes them with an absorbing subject, you require a certain power of concentration. This can be developed by keeping the mind to one subject for five minutes at a stretch, and forcing it back when it shows a tendency to wander. This exercise, to be useful, must be done against resistance.

**HOW TO ACQUIRE CONCENTRATION.**

You clean your bicycle and find that your mind does not stray from it, but it could scarcely do so, for your attention is kept fully engaged by the process of cleaning.

Practise concentration where the thoughts have every opportunity of wandering—as when you sit in a railway train—for it is only when you are overcoming resistance that you are gaining strength. A little practice in this way will enable you to dismiss a worrying topic when you want to, and the power of voluntarily fixing your attention will be useful in other ways.

I once knew a man who worried himself to a shadow, his fear being that he would lose his job. Finally he left of his own accord to take up a better position, and there was never any danger of his being sacked, for he was a useful employee and must have known it.

Yet when he happened to miss his morning train he would send a telegram to the manager, explaining the circumstances in more than twelve words, and drawing attention to the fact that he would be four minutes late, a thing that would probably not have been noticed otherwise.

This type of worrying results from abnormal fear—or to put it bluntly, from cowardice. Let the victim practise the usual method of curing timidity—the courting of minor dangers.

Another friend of mine worries constantly about the shortcomings of the human race in general.

Someone enters a room in which he is, and speaks to another man but not to him. My friend recalls that only yesterday he lunched with the man who now appears to be slighting him, and he worries as to whether there is any offence, and puzzles over what he can have done to cause it. Everybody seems to him ungrateful, changeable, and most other things that are bad.

**NEVER MIND OTHER PEOPLE.**

He and others like him worry because their knowledge of the world is insufficient. Presently they will learn that though good qualities in others are scarce, life is none the less enjoyable. Take this for granted—it is perfectly true—and never allow yourself to harbour a grievance.

Young men, more than those of middle life, are given to worrying about their health. A boil on the neck fills them with horror, for they are certain it must be a malignant tumour. And yet there is a doctor in almost every street, who for one-and-six would set their minds at rest. Eighteen-pence thus invested is a sensible speculation, for it obviates the days of mental agony that take years away from a man's life.

One man whom I know worries about his past. Do not mistake my meaning. It has not been a fearful past; in fact there are few who would attach the slightest blame to his years that have flown.

His trouble is this: since reaching manhood he has, like many another, improved in health, and now takes a keen interest in athletics, which in his youth he had not possessed enough superfluous energy to go in for. He is now a fine figure of a man, he can box, wrestle, cycle his fifty miles, ride a horse, and shoot with precision; but he cannot play those games which most people learn as boys.

**FEAR OF BEING SHOWN UP.**

He has tried to acquire football and cricket from books, but has failed lamentably, and he worries over the possibility of anyone ever inviting him to play either of these games and his having to confess his ignorance. He feels that he would then be shown up as an athletic fraud, and the bare idea fills him with horror.

I have dissected his case at some length, because it illustrates the hollowness of the bugbears that some men bow before. I do not suggest that all who worry about the past do so because they have neglected these footling games, but I do assert that they do it with as little reason.

The past is dead. Let it bury itself, with all its errors and follies. To think about them is a waste of time. It doesn't matter what you have been. Everything depends on what you are now.

The physical aspect of worry is not to be forgotten. It is always ready to obtrude itself if the general health is temporarily weakened. Overindulgence in tobacco and strong drink is usually followed by depression and worry; the remedy is obviously: don't overindulge. Diet plays such an important part in our well-being that it should be looked to if there is apparent a tendency to worry; so must the condition of the muscles.

**WORRY AND EXERCISE.**

It is strange, but true, that both over-exercise and under-exercise bring worry in their train. Sometimes the cure is a hot bath, so that the muscles may be relaxed and the tiredness dispelled; sometimes what you need is a brisk game that will make you sweat.

You are the best physician to diagnose the cause of your worry, and you must treat it according to its particular brand. The main thing is to fight it somehow. Worry robs us of the self-confidence and courage which are necessary for the full enjoyment of that delicious thing, life.

C. WOLFF, B.A.

# NOBODY COMPETENT.

## A COLUMN OF GROWLS.

Let me begin with the morning. My shaving water instead of being boiling is almost cold, because my landlady is incompetent. The barber who last set my razor was also incompetent, therefore I scratch my face very badly.

At breakfast the tea is lukewarm, and has obviously not been made with boiling water: again because the landlady and her servant are incompetent.

I make my way to the station and ask the booking-clerk for a ticket. He also is incompetent. Instead of giving me the ticket, he asks me to repeat my request, and presently he hands me the wrong change, another proof of his incompetence.

The porters on the platform, and the guard of the train are also incompetent for they allow the carriages to be overcrowded to my great discomfort.

The signalman, and those responsible for the arrangement of the trains, are incompetent likewise, for before I reach my destination the train is held up ten minutes for no good reason.

When I leave the London terminus I find the streets dirty because the cleansing department of the city is incompetent.

I take a 'bus in order to save my clothes from being soiled by the mud, but before we go very far the 'bus is held up, and another five minutes of my valuable time is wasted, because incompetent workmen are mending the road, and the traffic is being controlled by an incompetent policeman.

When I reach the office I have a renewal of my suffering at the hands of the universal army of incompetents.

The office boy is incompetent and does not properly execute my orders. The manager is incompetent, otherwise he would have planned out my work so that it would have been easier.

I am inclined to think very often that he is the most incompetent person on earth.

He once said that I was entitled to that distinction, which affords a clear proof of his gross incompetence, and of the incompetence of the men who put him in his present job.

When the time arrives for lunch, I betake myself to a restaurant, and find that the dishes served up to me are unpalatable because the restaurant cook is incompetent.

Moreover, he would not be retained in his position if the restaurant manager were competent; and the restaurant manager, being incompetent, would be sacked if the board of directors were competent to look after the shareholders' interests.

And the shareholders are incompetent, otherwise they would safeguard their money better.

Not very long ago I waded through one of those books which millionaires write, and on which they generally bestow some title that leads you to think the whole art of success is disclosed therein.

The principles they lay down are, of course, designed to keep people off their own special hunting preserves. They have succeeded, and it is now their fell purpose to put other people on the wrong track and so lessen competition. They disguise their nefarious scheme by quoting many fusty proverbs (for the most part originally invented by people who did not get on) which are generally believed to be truthful. One that attracted my particular attention was this:

"If you want a thing done well do it yourself."

To the millionaire author, and to those readers who follow the principles he so cunningly advocates, I would suggest that they make a careful study of the facts I have enumerated above.

If I am to be free from the consequences of other people's incompetence, I should have to be a landlady, a barber, a booking-clerk, a railway porter, a railway guard, a signalman, a road cleaner, a navvy, a policeman, an office boy, an office manager, a cook, a restaurant manager and a board of directors—a composite personality indeed.

R. BOOTE.

# ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By COLIN MACBEAN.

The two young men turned the corner by the baker's and came face to face with the two girls.

"Hullo!" said Mackay.

"Good evening," said the more polished Tilman.

The girls looked first at the young men and then at one another, and giggled.

"Fancy meeting you!" they exclaimed simultaneously, which was very deceitful, for they had already traversed the village street five times in the hope of meeting these young men.

Cecil Tilman, the Englishman, directed his conversation at Miss Mary Simpson, the young lady who controlled the village Post Office, but who was now free, for it was after eight o'clock and that useful institution had been closed. Andrew Mackay devoted his attention to Miss Jeannie Anderson, the red-cheeked daughter of the butcher.

It is not necessary to reproduce the conversation, because it consisted more of smiles, Oh's, and giggles than of mere words.

"Let's go and have some tea," said Tilman at length.

Miss Mary Simpson stuck the tip of her umbrella into the footpath and whirled it round by the handle, looking shyly at the tips of her shoes meanwhile.

Miss Jeannie Anderson on the other hand just smiled and said: "We've had ours."

But this was a little preliminary to which the young men were accustomed, for the ladies like to be pressed, and after much persuasion and a few shy giggles the four of them eventually filed into the baker's.

Now it should be said here that the habit of drinking tea in shops had been quite unknown in Inverdour till the arrival of Cecil Tilman, who had taken up his residence there in connection with the surveying of a new railway line.

He came from an English city, and knew that a tea-shop was a nice place to take a pretty girl to, but he discovered that there was no such shop in this quiet Scotch village.

Being a young man of initiative, however, he immediately tackled the baker's wife on the subject and suggested to her how profitable it would be to supply tea and cakes. The good lady could not understand why any person should wish to eat between meals, nor why anyone should desire to pay twopence for a cup of tea that could be brewed at home for less than a penny, but, on Tilman promising her custom, she consented to the experiment.

The girls of Inverdour had been conquered immediately by the novelty of taking tea at the baker's, and the other young men discovered that if they were not to be left quite out of the running they must follow the Englishman's example, and so the baker's wife was building up a very lucrative business.

They seated themselves at a small table, the two young men at one side and the two girls at the other. The Scotch custom had been for a devoted couple to sit side by side, but the Englishman knew that it was much better to have the girl sitting opposite you, where you could look at her; and so here also the ancient Scotch tradition was broken down by the invader.

Mackay looked rather awkwardly at Miss Anderson, and, after saying some things about the weather, ventured on an expression of opinion concerning her looks.

The young lady, in preparation for such a remark, had left her spoon amongst her tea, and it was now very warm, for the baker's wife brewed her refreshment both strong and hot; and so, while the young man was looking into her eyes, she withdrew the hot spoon from her tea and pressed it upon the back of his hand, making him jump and look and feel very awkward, and giving her such cause for merriment that she laughed till the glass lids on the sweetie bottles shook again.

It is impossible to give you any idea as to how Tilman and Miss Simpson were getting on, for he took the precaution of whispering his remarks into her private ear, while the young postmistress simpered and blushed very prettily.

After the young ladies had drunk a great deal of tea and the young men had eaten a great many cakes, the girls said they must be getting home.

"Well," said Tilman, "you'll see us first thing to-morrow morning, because we're going to first-foot you."

Mackay looked at Jeannie Anderson and nodded in agreement with this assertion.

"You'll not be first-footing us," said Miss Anderson, "because we're going to be first-footing ourselves. We're invited to go to Muckle Mains to see the New Year in."

"Oh," said Mackay, "it won't be Muckle Mains nor yet his daughters you'll be going to see, I'm thinking, but we'll come together and first-foot Muckle Mains, so it will be all the same thing. In fact we might just as well walk up together, it's a lonely road and you would not like passing the old church alone."

"Thank you kindly," said Miss Anderson, "but we'd rather you didn't come. You see we're expecting company when we come back."

It was thus that a cloud fell upon the merry meeting, and it was two very crestfallen young men who finally escorted the girls to their respective homes. When this had been accomplished the young men met again.

"Did you see how she looked when she was offended?" asked Mackay. "She looks fine when she's a wee bit angry."

"Don't bother me about that girl," said Tilman. "She can't hold a candle to Mary."

The young men could never agree in the matter of the alleged good looks of the two girls, and it was just this that prevented their quarrelling, for although neither had the satisfaction of knowing that his adored one was admired by the other, yet neither had the slightest cause for jealousy.

Though their admiration came first to their lips, their deepest feeling was one of resentment against the fact that the farmer at Muckle Mains had a son and a rather good-looking farm pupil.

So depressed did they become in considering this dispensation of Providence that at length they betook themselves to the village inn to sip a glass of the dew for which the Scotch hills and glens are justly famed. They sipped one, and then one or two, and then they lost count, but in spite of it all they remained depressed.

Finally they made a move for their lodgings, for the surveyor and the bank clerk stayed in the same house and shared a sitting-room in common. When they got home it was close on ten, and while Tilman wrote a report which ought to have been sent off many hours before, Mackay sat over the fire thinking deeply.

Apparently the result was satisfactory, for at length he burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter and made one of the weakest jokes on record, which he alleged he had been laughing at.

He left the fire and went to his bedroom, where he stripped off one of the sheets, rolled it in brown paper and carried it back to the sitting-room.

"Going to first-foot someone after all?" asked the Englishman.

"Ay," replied Andrew, as he put on his cap. "I am that."

The old churchyard lay between the village and the farm of Muckle Mains, and it had the reputation of being haunted. In fact, nothing but the prospect of meeting two such attractive young men as the farmer's son and his pupil would have induced the heroines of this story to pass it in the dark, and Andrew, realising this fact, betook himself thither, removed his hat, spread the white sheet around him, and waited behind the wall.

He began to plan what he would do when the girls appeared, and finally he decided that the best thing would be to scramble on the top of the wall, give a prolonged groan and point an accusing finger at the one whose behaviour had most offended him, Jeannie Anderson.

He had settled this part of his future conduct to his complete satisfaction and had just discovered from his watch that it was almost eleven o'clock, when an owl hooted in a tree behind him, and he started round in momentary horror; but, if the sound startled him, it was as nothing to what he discovered rounding the corner of the church.

A tall figure clad in spectral white draperies was advancing slowly towards him.

Andrew gave a shriek of terror, and the spectre almost at the very same moment gave a not unsimilar and very blood-curdling yell. Andrew stood rooted to the spot, and he observed that the spectre also had ceased to advance, but, what was almost worse, it was trembling all over till its draperies shook with apparent rage at his intrusion on its preserves.

His first impulse was to hide himself beneath a table tombstone, but he feared that the spectre might come and poke him out, so, mustering all his courage, he placed his hands on the top of the churchyard wall and vaulted over into the roadway. Tucking the sheet under his jacket, he ran for home.

He was tearing along full tilt when he heard a laugh in front of him, and saw two figures approaching. They were those of Jeannie Anderson and her friend, and he jumped into a field and lay behind the hedge till they passed. Then he continued his journey.

On reaching the door of the house, he discovered that in the hurry of departure he had forgotten his latchkey, and so he picked up some gravel from the roadway and threw it at Tilman's bedroom window, laying his sheet on the doorstep meanwhile. Handful after handful of gravel tinkled on the glass, but no friendly footstep came downstairs to admit him.

He was just thinking of ringing the bell and rousing the landlady, when a figure with a white bundle under its arm came up, and he recognised that it was none other than Tilman.

The Englishman saw the sheet lying on the doorstep, and his quick mind took in the situation. Both tried to laugh, but both felt pretty sore about it, and so two sad-hearted young men betook themselves to their beds.

It was about an hour after midnight, when the New Year was fully born, that they were roused by the sound of wheels and a merry song.

Both jumped out of bed and looked from their windows. Passing the house was the chapel cart from Muckle Mains, the farmer's son driving, with the young postmistress beside him, and the pupil sitting behind wth his arm round the neck of Jeannie Anderson.

Tilman reviewed the situation in pure but emphatic English. He would have found it utterly impossible to understand the remarks which Mackay was making to himself in the room at the other side of the parlour.

# RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

## CURE FOR ROUND SHOULDERS.

Stand at attention, hands by sides, heels together. Now clench the fists as hard as you can—grip them together as if each held something which you were doing your utmost to crush.

A splendid stretching exercise.

Turn the knuckles towards the front, and bring the arms *slowly* upwards till the hands are above your head. Then swing them backwards and downwards till you are in the starting position again. Repeat ten times.

Owing to the formation of the shoulders, it is impossible to lower the hands behind the back in the same way you raised them; that is, keeping the hands near one another. If you watch your arms you will see that, as soon as the lowering movement begins, the hands swing out sideways. The whole point of the exercise is that you must force them as far back as possible while lowering them; you can't make them touch at this stage, but force them back as if you were trying to do so. The greater the strain you put on, the better the exercise is for you.

In this way you can cure round shoulders in a week; but the exercise is more than a corrective—it is one of the speediest ways of getting a handsome pair of shoulders that I know.

## EXERCISE WHILE DRESSING.

The very busy man whose time is so fully occupied that he cannot spare a quarter of an hour morning and night for physical culture may actually take exercise while making his toilet. It is not to be supposed that this would be sufficient for insuring the growth of the muscles, but it will go some way towards keeping him in health.

In the first place dressing and undressing may be done standing instead of sitting down. Just try putting on your socks without the kindly assistance of a chair, and you will discover that a good deal of force has to be exerted to maintain your one-foot balance. Of course it is tacitly understood that you are not to clutch the end of the bed with either hand, for that would not be playing the game. The strain put upon the muscles of the leg on which you are perched is considerable, and these muscles are in consequence kept in a healthy condition.

So also with brushing your hair. While going at it with both hands, raise your elbows rather higher than you are in the habit of doing and brush a little more vigorously and a little longer than usual. Very soon your arms become tired.

In undressing there is not the same opportunity for exerting strain upon the muscles, but they may be exercised in the direction of speed. Let the undressing be done with lightning rapidity. It is not suggested that you throw your nether garments outside your bedroom and put your boots in the trousers press, for though the operation is to be performed quickly slovenliness or error is uncalled for.

Instead of sauntering from one part of the room to the other, unhitching your braces here and deliberately undoing a button there, rush off your clothes at top speed, folding them up, of course, in accordance with your usual habit. Having undressed in this way you will discover that your body is in a healthy glow owing to the accelerated circulation, and your sleep will be all the sounder for it, and your health next day will be the better. This slip-shod method of exercise is not suggested for the benefit of the physical culturist but for the man who is too busy or too lazy to take proper measures for the safeguarding of his health.

## FOR A FINE BACK.

Place a chair about two feet from a bedstead. Lie on the chair so that your abdomen rests on the seat of it, and brace your ankles beneath the bed.

Don't repeat this exercise too often at one time.

Now lower the upper part of the body till considerable strain is felt, and slowly raise it again to a level position.

It is inadvisable, even for the strongest, to repeat this exercise more than five times on one occasion.

Nothing will develop your back muscles in so short a time, and it also has a splendid effect on the calf muscles.

## USING A GYMNASIUM.

A correspondent asks me whether I consider that the gymnasium is out-of-date, and whether I believe it to have been ousted from popularity by the various physical culture systems which are designed for home practice.

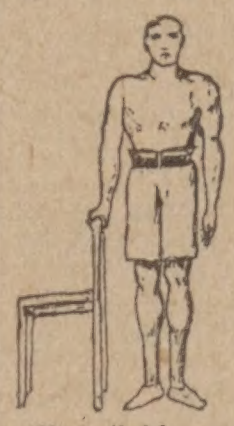
I am in touch with several teachers of physical culture throughout the country, and from what they tell me, I believe that the average gymnasium is better attended now than ever before.

I am glad it is so. Exercises, such as I give on this page, bring up your muscles much more quickly than do those which are commonly called gymnastics; but in using a gymnasium or a physical culture club, you have all the stimulating interest of competition.

In short, I think the gymnasium an excellent thing, and a highly advisable addition to the exercises practised at home.

## FOR THE ARMS CHIEFLY.

Grasp the back of a chair and raise it off the ground. Now lift it up as far as you can, straight in front of you, keeping your shoulders square to the front all the time.



Unrivalled for building up powerful arms.

Slowly—very slowly—lower the chair, and push it up as far as you can behind you.

Repeat three or four times, according to your strength and the weight of the chair. Throughout this exercise the chair must not be allowed to touch the floor. When you have done it with the right hand, go through it with the left.

Begin with the lightest chair you can get, and gradually take those of heavier make.

This is a capital exercise for every muscle in the arms, and, if you keep your shoulders square all the time, it will develop your breast muscles as well.

## THE WRONG KIND OF MUSCLE.

You want to have your muscles large, but you also want them to be soft when they are in repose.

The fibrous muscle remains more or less hard even when it is relaxed, and it is not the healthy or useful type of muscle. It comes as the result of a wrong method of development.

This kind of muscle is produced by overstraining when doing the exercises, the culturist being too anxious to secure quick results.

Your muscles will grow and will consist of the right texture if you drop each exercise when you begin to feel fatigue.

# MUSCLE-MAKING AT WORK.

A NEW AND INTERESTING THEORY.

A prize was recently offered by the manager of an East-End music-hall, for the best developed man. Many professional athletes, and many others who had practised physical culture for years, competed; but the prize was won by a stevedore who had never touched a dumb-bell or a chest-expander in his life.

His muscle had been made by his daily labour. Why then are not all stevedores equally well developed?

The answer to that gives us the key to much. It is because it is not every stevedore who takes a pleasure in his labour and who constantly keeps before his mind the fact that it is capable of developing his muscles.

All the teachers of physical culture tell you to keep your mind fixed on the muscle which you are exercising, and their theory is perfectly sound. The mind, for some reason which is not very apparent, undoubtedly plays a most important part in the growth of the muscle.

I do not say that a man who earns his bread by manual toil, should, during the whole of his working hours, keep his mind fixed on his muscles. Such a thing would be ridiculous, and would mean that he would be neglecting his work and that he would sooner or later be sacked.

What I suggest is that the mind should be concentrated on the muscles during those periods when the labour is automatic.

In all ordinary work such times occur frequently. It is only such men as authors and actors whose work never becomes automatic, and the result is that they cannot keep at it for more than a few hours a day. That the working man can continue for eight or ten hours proves that a large part of his labour requires no reference to the brain, and therefore he has plenty of time for concentrating his attention on his muscles.

Take the carpenter as an example. He has to use all his care and thought in measuring a plank and ruling a line where the cut is to be made; but, as soon as he has set his saw to the wood, his work becomes purely automatic, for he has done the same thing so often before that his arm is, for the time being, a machine, incapable of error.

If he thinks of nothing, as is usually the case, when he has finished he has simply sawed that plank; but if he has been thinking of the biceps which is developing, he has at the end sawed the plank and also accomplished a useful and profitable exercise.

There is the whole secret. Keep the attention fixed on the muscles whenever it would otherwise be lying fallow, and only then.

The brain will benefit as well as the body, for it is best kept sound and healthy by being constantly used, though in different ways, during the whole of the waking hours.

I have mentioned my theories to various friends, and I have sometimes received this reply: "Your scheme is all very well for a man whose work is purely manual, but how can it benefit me, who am a clerk and who don't have to saw wood or drive rivets?"

Where the day's work is of the head rather than the hand, there is certainly not the same opportunity for physical development, but there is no man who does not have to expend a certain amount of bodily energy to earn his bread. Just so far as he has to exert himself, that far will the adoption of my theory benefit him.

You sit at a desk all day doing nothing more muscle-making than writing in a ledger, but is it not necessary from time to time to lift that heavy ledger and to replace it on its shelf? Is it not necessary for you to walk up the stairs of your office? Do you not have to walk to get there? These are three opportunities for physical development if you will but take them.

Just remember these things. If you follow out the idea you will increase the interest in your daily labours. The experiment is surely worth a trial.

H. PATERSON.

## THE POOR MAN AS SPENDTHRIFT.

*Poverty is no crime—and no credit.*—GERMAN PROVERB.

Some time back a farm labourer in Sussex received a letter from a solicitor informing him that a relative in America had died and left him £50. A week later the cheque followed, and the man took his money from the bank in gold.

He sought his wife's assistance, and together they set about spending their legacy.

They had a little cottage, and the man was earning 14/- a week, so that the interest from the £50 should have been more than useful, but they had no intention of investing it. Off they went for a trip to London, and there they got themselves into a hopeless muddle.

From a credit tailor the man purchased an entire outfit of clothes, many of them of such a kind that he could never wear them in his station of life; and the woman invested in a couple of dresses.

They next visited a furniture shop, and purchased, again on the instalment plan, a set of new furniture for both the rooms of their cottage.

When the goods had been delivered they set themselves to devise even more ambitious schemes. Both had long wished to go abroad, so off they set for Paris, leaving their children in charge of a relative.

"Why not spend it when we've got it?" they said to a neighbour.

In the gay city they were done at all hands, and when they returned they had only £15.

Fortunately the man now confided in the farmer for whom he worked and the latter took the matter in hand. He made him pay off the tailor and as much of the furniture as the cash would run to, but the labourer has to pay a weekly instalment of 2/6 for years to come, as he had not enough to pay outright.

The net result is that the family has from that legacy a few things which they could very well have done without, and they have saddled themselves with a payment which will mean permanent poverty.

It is generally the same when a poor man gets a windfall. He has no idea of making it add to his income or of saving it for a rainy day. Away it goes on some pleasure of the moment.

A case came under my notice recently of a valet who on his master's death found himself richer by £30. He was a man of musical taste, and he had long wanted a piano; so he spent his legacy in buying one.

Now he is valeting again, and, it being out of the question for him to take his piano with him, he has to pay a considerable sum weekly for its storage in a warehouse.

He is paying good money and getting no return.

It is notorious in the Army how bounties and pensions are squandered as soon as they are paid over. You may say: "Poor devils, let them have a flash now and then. They don't often get the chance." But this squandering is frequently done by men well on in years, who are perhaps insuring themselves a miserable old age by their lack of forethought.

The failing is all too common in England, and those addicted to it might well take a lesson from our friends across the Border. In Scotland the amount per head in the savings bank is rather more than twice the amount per head in similar institutions in the sister country.

Even apart from such temptations as legacies, we find the working-man extravagant.

"Must have a smoke," the writer heard a man remark the other day, "and I've only got a penny to spend. Cigarettes ain't strong enough, so I'll get a cigar."

And a penny cigar he duly purchased. He was a man of the artisan type, worth at least £1 a week, and it should not have required much scheming to have got the other few pence for the purchase of an ounce of decent baccy, out of which he would have had many more smokes than the one he got from his Flor de Cabbago.

R. WALTERS.

## SPORTING STORIES.

### THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

It is said that butchers live well, drive fast and die poor. The son of Cleaver, who was steersman of his father's cart, certainly had the second characteristic; he not only drove fast but so erratically that he was a terror to the village.

One day he knocked down a poor woman, and Cleaver senior had to pay her such substantial recompense that she became comparatively wealthy, and was consequently wooed by the local chemist.

Another day Cleaver jehu ran down a calf, and his father had to pay its full value to its owner. This hurt him intensely, for it was wholly contrary to his business instincts and practice.

His habit had always been to buy low and sell dear, for he was wise.

Then one morning there came the tidings that the butcher's wife had been run down by the squire's motor-car and was now lying in the cottage hospital.

"Thank goodness!" cried Cleaver, wiping away a greasy tear of joy. "My luck's turned at last!"

### AWKWARD FELLOW!

They met in a country lane. "It's a lovely evening," said he. She didn't say anything just at first, but she smiled, and so he asked her if she was going for a walk, and she said she was.

About an hour later they were getting on famously, and he kissed her lips several times just for practice. Then by way of variety he kissed her shell-likes, and finally he kissed her on one eye and then on the other. He had just finished operations on the left eye, when the young lady bent down and made a grab at something on the ground.

"Oh, you—you—clumsy!" she remarked. "I think you might be a bit more careful. I paid the oculist five shillings for that eye, and it's difficult to get it in again without a mirror."

### BEYOND HIS POWER.

Mr. Spiggins had bought a bulldog. The morning after she arrived the bulldog went for the postman, not moved by any spirit of malignity but just to keep in form and because she had forgotten to bring her tooth brush with her, and, being a lady bulldog of nice susceptibilities, she always liked to clean her teeth on something soft after her breakfast.

Mr. Spiggins was picking the caterpillars off the leaves of the geraniums when a terrific yell summoned him to the front door. There he beheld his new purchase much attached to the postman. Helplessly Mr. Spiggins gazed at the combat, wiping his spectacles to obtain a better view.

"You inhuman brute!" shouted the postman. "I repeat, you inhuman brute, and I'll say it again. How can you stand calmly watching your dog tear out my gluteus maximus and my tibialis magnus?"—for the postman was a student of physical culture—"Call her off!"

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Spiggins, "what can I do? The man I bought her from quite forgot to tell me her name."

The rest of this storyette is so unpleasant that we must omit it; besides, coming as it does at the foot of a column, we have no room for more.

## THE DANCING MAN.

*Those move easiest who have learned to dance.*—POPE.

The dancing man is invariably a pleasant fellow. He is graceful in his movements, an easy talker, a well-mannered man and an interesting companion.

The ball-room is largely responsible for his ability in these directions. I have known shy men, awkward men, surly men—men in all the varied stages of unsociability—completely transformed by a three months' course of lessons in dancing.

Independently of the pleasure a man gains in the ball-room, dancing is a grand thing for shaving off social jags and corners. It is not without merit, also, as a physical developer. It gives a man perfect command over his balancing muscles. Owing entirely to their profession, teachers of dancing are invariably muscular, well-made men.

The best way to learn dancing is by attending a class once or twice a week for two or three months. You can't learn by reading a sixpenny handbook or by hobbling round the back parlour with your sister.

A course of private lessons by a good teacher, of course, is the best method, but it is an expensive one. Half-a-crown a lesson, of twenty to thirty minutes' duration, is the usual fee in London.

Needless to say, it is only possible to learn the movements of the waltz and similar couple dances in private lessons. The lancers, quadrilles and other set dances can only be acquired in the classroom.

One guinea spent in attending classes is usually sufficient to enable the average young fellow to emerge into the ballroom a fully fledged dancer.

A pair of pumps, price from 3/6 upwards, is the only special item of dress that the beginner in dancing requires.

Some teachers of dancing do not mind their pupils wearing their ordinary boots or shoes, provided these are free from metal plates or hobnails, but the classes conducted by these teachers should be avoided by my readers.

When you have learned the preliminary steps of a dance and are advised by the teacher to choose a partner, don't select the girl with the prettiest face in the room—unless she's the best dancer.

There is no need to stand on ceremony—in the class-room at any rate. Except in the most fashionable circles, no introductions are considered necessary amongst dancing pupils.

"Will you try this with me?" you say to the girl, with a smile, and you're friends at once. She has come to learn the same as you, and is as conscious of her lack of knowledge as you are.

Choose the best dancer and you'll learn quickly. You'll be able to dance with the pretty girl when she's learnt by practice with other novices. Besides she'll think more of you if you're a smarter dancer than she is.

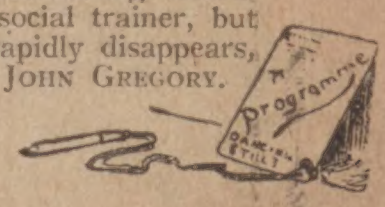
Don't be afraid of the girls. I mention this because many novices are apt to linger, shy and nervous, about the doors when a practice dance is announced, while the girls sit on their seats thinking the reverse of kind things about them. Girls have no sympathy with nervous dancers.

If you tread on your partner's toes, don't look foolish and wish the floor would open and swallow you up. Just say, "It's your turn next!" A girl finds it very difficult to be angry when met with such bare-faced cheek as that, and so you both laugh and forget the incident.

Don't always practise with the same partner. Learn the waltz and the lancers first of all. Fancy and new dances are seldom popular outside the ball-room in which they have been taught.

Don't overdo dancing. As an occasional pastime, when you have acquired some degree of perfection in the art, it is a fascinating recreation that is invaluable as a social trainer, but carried to excess its charm rapidly disappears, never to return.

JOHN GREGORY.



# What Our Readers Say.

## UNYOKING A HORSE.

The process of unyoking a horse is simple enough, but the novice seems very green when he lends a hand, and he feels green too.

The right way is to hold the reins in your hand as you descend from the box seat, and fix the end of them in the hook provided for the bearing rein.

Then unhitch the off-side breeching and trace. Cross over to the horse's near side, and there undo the breeching, trace and bellyband. You can now lead the horse out of the shafts.

In my own opinion it is inadvisable for the unyoking to be done by two men. I remember once being assisted by my brother; he was working at the off and I at the near-side. I was clear first and asked him if he was all right. When the horse heard my voice, he walked out between the shafts, but my brother had not taken off the trace, and when the horse felt himself fixed he got frightened and bolted; in stopping him I received some bruises which I am not likely to forget.

## BOWLS.

There are other games better calculated for the development of muscle, and better suited for a young man who wants to work off his superfluous energy, but in my opinion bowls stand supreme as the game of highest business utility.

It is essentially an old man's game—slow, dignified, not demanding much exertion; consequently you find in the bowling clubs of any town that half the members are over middle age and at least a quarter of them are of some importance in the business world.

For the young man who is working up a business on his own, this game affords a splendid opportunity for getting to know the right people, the men who can put business in his way. He may be sacrificing a little in thus indulging in a game which is not so strenuous as he would like, but what he loses on the swings he makes up on the roundabouts—in other words he sacrifices pleasure and rakes in the shekels. Useful, too, they are sometimes.

## BEAUTY IN A MAN.

At the University where I am at present a student, there are nearly five hundred young men, some good-looking, some passable, some ugly.

The other day I was speaking to a girl who knows very many of us, and our conversation came round to the subject of masculine good looks. She is a very shrewd young woman, and I think there is more than a little truth in what she told me.

"I hate a man with a fringe or any approach to it," she said, "because it makes him look like a girl. I don't like the willowy, over-graceful type either, because he's girlish too. Mind you," she continued, "I don't object to a slim figure in a man, provided he looks tough."

"What about his face?" I asked.

"In a man," she said, "the mouth is everything. I'd rather have a man whose mouth looks as if he could say 'Whoa!' to a horse, than a man whose lips seem made to recite poetry."

## INDOOR SPRINTING.

A splendid home exercise, and one imposing no strain, is an adaptation of sprinting. I find it excellent for making the muscles elastic again after I have finished my heavier exercises.

Stand on a mat about a yard square, and lift each foot alternately as if you were running. Do it as quickly as you can, just as if you were doing a fast quarter-mile, instead of only going up and down.

Bring your knees as high as possible; it helps the thigh muscles. Throughout the exercise you must not step off the mat.

Wear rubber-soled shoes, and spring lightly, so as not to annoy the other people in the house.

## TOBACCO'S VIRTUES.

It has often been asserted that smoking is bad for the teeth, but Professor Symes Thompson denies that such is the case.

It is impossible for tobacco smoke to cause the development of any sort of bacteria. What it does is to discolour the teeth slightly, but this tendency is more than counteracted by the fact that smokers are more careful about brushing their teeth than are other people.

They know that without assiduous application of the bristles their teeth will become brown, and thus they are forced into a habit of cleanliness which does more than remove the tobacco stains; it takes away the decaying particles of food as well.

Smokers are less liable to certain diseases than those who avoid the weed. Many doctors ask their patient's permission to smoke while examining infectious cases. The antiseptic property of tobacco originates from a small amount of formaldehyde which it contains. This is a thing microbes cannot endure.

It is to formaldehyde also that is due the irritating quality of the smoke which rises from the glowing end of a cigarette. This disinfectant is bad for your eyes as well as for bacteria, and you should not, therefore, keep a cigarette between your lips while you are working with both hands. The right way to enjoy a cigarette is to take a draw, and remove it from the mouth till the time arrives for the next draw.

The smoke from a smouldering cigarette is different from that coming from one you puff.

## UNSTAMPED LETTERS.

One of the meanest forms of revenge is the sending of unstamped letters to one's enemies. The receipt of an unstamped letter means that the recipient has to pay twopence, while the cost to the sender is only that of the paper and envelope.

As a general rule those who take this form of getting level enclose merely a blank sheet of notepaper, and probably typewrite the name and address on the envelope, so that there shall be no indication as to the author of the letter. Apart altogether from the annoyance of receiving such missives, the expense mounts up considerably.

Hitherto the senders of such letters have got off scot free, but the Post Office is now moving in the matter, and has in several instances prosecuted. It is not always possible for the authorities to discover the identity of the writer, but the detective department at St. Martin's is a particularly effective organisation, and the chances of discovery are proportionately large. I should, therefore, strongly advise any reader who may be pestered by the receipt of unstamped letters to communicate with the Postmaster General and leave the matter in his hands.

## YOU WRITE: WE PAY.

You remember how interested your friend was the other night when you told him about that little matter. Put it into a paragraph and send it along; if it needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay £1 1s. for the best, and 5s. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. H. Maxwell, 18, Claremont Street, Aberdeen, for "Unyoking a Horse."

## TREATING FOR BUSINESS.

Everyone in the business world knows that half the big transactions nowadays are done over a smoke and a glass of wine. When both parties are thus made comfortable, disagreements and objections are readily overcome by a system of give and take, and the deal is successfully carried through.

A knowledge of this sociable custom among the princes of the business world, has led to a wasteful and dangerous abuse by others who think to emulate them. Treating all and sundry to liquor, in the hope that an order may result, has become the custom with not a few commercial travellers, and it has spelt, or is spelling, their ruin.

Liquor costs a lot, and, if you treat a great many people, your expenses are increased till they eat away all profit. Besides, this constant tippling has a fatal effect on the health and character of the man practising it.

As an old business man, let me suggest that a glass of something is an excellent thing for helping to complete a transaction, but it should never be offered till the prospect of a successful conclusion is reasonably certain.

## READING RATES.

One man will read a book in half-an-hour, while another takes a day, and a third a week. The quick reader can lay no claims to superior intelligence. He is simply losing in enjoyment what he gains in time. You will find that editors and publishers' readers have acquired a faculty of gleaning the plot from a long serial in half-an-hour or so. They can form an accurate opinion as to the merits of the story, but they have in nowise enjoyed its perusal.

To get all that is best out of a book, you should read at about the rate at which one speaks. You then miss nothing that the author has intended to portray, and you are better able to understand the atmosphere of his work and consequently to give your mind a more complete change.

When you are reading for other purposes than those of enjoyment, however, you will save valuable time by learning how to get the gist of printed matter at a glance. Your morning paper supplies you with headings and sub-titles which enable you to know exactly what each item deals with, so that you can avoid it if it does not appeal to your particular taste. But the professional reader finds no such help in the case of manuscripts. He reads the beginning, the middle and the end of each chapter, and is able to tell you the plot as clearly as if he had waded through every page. Plot and style are everything, and the quality of the latter is easily perceived.

## H-H-H-HICCUP.

The hiccup is one of those things that might suitably be described by the young ladies' word "tiresome." Scientifically put, it is a spasmodic contraction of the diaphragm, a beautiful expression which affords but little comfort to the victim.

Some people cannot take pepper in their soup without having a violent attack of hiccupping. This is due to the sensitive condition of the nerve at the back of their throat.

Another cause of hiccupping is irritation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, which takes place when we drink anything too hot. The stomach rebels in a similar way when too much alcohol is put into it, which explains the hiccup of the drunkard.

A glass of cold water is the best cure for an attack of hiccups, but there is another remedy, the working of which is less easy to understand. If you suddenly accuse the victim of being guilty of some crime, or in any other way secure his full attention, the hiccupping will instantly cease.

Why this should happen has never been satisfactorily explained, for hiccupping is entirely a reflex action and not under the control of the will. Yet when the whole mind is for a moment concentrated on something else, the spasms stop of their own accord.

# THE SECRET OF THE CIRCLE

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By GERHARD WALSH.

Engleheart and I were returning from the coverts after a hard day amongst the birds. The sun was flashing crimson when we reached the famous circle of standing stones that rear themselves skywards about three miles from Plaston Hall.

"Let's sit down and have a smoke," said my companion, as we came alongside the spot where once the Druids had slaughtered their victims. "It's an hour-and-a-half off dinner-time, and we needn't hurry."

We seated ourselves upon a flat stone that had fallen down from its original place, and began puffing away lustily at our pipes.

I suppose we must have been to some extent impressed by the grandeur of the scene, unimaginative men though both of us were, for we sat there gazing in front of us, neither making any effort in the direction of conversation.

I noticed particularly the lurid appearance of the great sacrificial stone, where countless centuries ago the priests had offered their human sacrifices. As I looked at it then, with the red beams of the sun glancing back from its smooth sides, I could almost fancy that it was the life blood of another offering.

I was aroused from my reverie by Engleheart catching hold of my arm.

"What was that?" he whispered. "I could swear I heard someone singing."

For a couple of minutes we sat in absolute silence, listening intently. Then I caught the sound he had spoken of. It was a monotonous kind of chant that seemed to add to the loneliness of the place.

Presently the sound approached; and then of a sudden there came into full view the strangest old man that it has ever been my fortune to look upon. His clothes were tattered beyond description, and his breast was covered by a long white beard.

It was obvious that he was not aware of our presence, for he continued his chant as if no one had been within a mile of him.

Presently he vanished behind one of the upright stones. We sat perfectly still, waiting for him to make a second appearance, but, as he did not do so, we decided to go in search of him.

"You'd think he had jumped out of a fairy tale," said Engleheart. "I never saw such a funny little beggar before. I wonder where he can have come from."

"You don't know him, then?" I asked in surprise. "I thought he had been a local character."

"This is the first time I have ever set eyes upon him," he replied. "If he belonged to the district surely I must have met him before now."

Meanwhile we had been searching about for the remarkable personage of whom we were talking, but not a trace of him could we discover. He had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Suddenly my attention was attracted to something glittering beside the great sacrificial stone. I walked over and picked it up. It was a gold coin.

"Treasure trove, I declare!" cried Engleheart. "I shouldn't be surprised if it turned out to be a piece of Druid money, if they had such a thing."

I struck a match and examined it, and I can scarcely say that we were glad to find that it was only an ordinary half-sovereign.

We agreed that it was highly improbable that the money had been dropped by the old man we had just seen, for he had appeared to be in the last degree of poverty. We therefore decided to take charge of it till we should have an opportunity of handing it over to the local policeman.

It may seem very unromantic, but it is the truth; when we reached Plaston Hall, and were met at the door by an appetising scent of dinner, we forgot all about the little old man of the Druid circle, and centred our attention upon the meal that awaited us. Those who have spent a day tramping through the bracken will understand why it was so.

It was not till dinner was finished that we were forcibly reminded of what we had seen that night.

The butler came into the room, and I could see by the apologetic look on his face that there was something amiss. He came up to Colonel Engleheart, and I could hear all he said, for I was sitting next to my host.

"March has just come back, sir," said the servant awkwardly. "He is very ill, sir, and says he has lost the bag which you ordered him to bring from the bank."

"What do you mean?" cried his master, rising from his seat. "Send March here at once."

It was a sorry picture of a man that entered the room a minute later.

"Well, March," said the colonel, "what does this mean?"

"I am an innocent man," said the trembling servant.

"What I asked," said the colonel, "is the meaning of this remarkable piece of news that Soames has just told me. How did you lose the money?"

"I came back from the village by the hill road," said March, "and just about half-a-mile on the other side of the stone circle I was attacked and robbed by an old man. He sprang on me from behind, and struck me with some kind of weapon, and when I came to, the money was gone."

"What sort of weapon did he use?" asked the colonel.

"It seemed to be a stone axe," said March, "the same as I've seen in a museum."

I thought the old colonel had suddenly taken leave of his senses, for he sprang to his feet and glared at the unhappy servant as if he could have killed him there and then.

"What foolery is this?" he cried. "If you must invent lies, you might at least take the trouble to make them plausible. As a justice of the peace I order you to be detained on a charge of stealing the money that I was foolish enough to entrust to you. Soames, take him away, and send for the constable from the village."

As soon as the servants had left the room, the one inflated with the authority that had just been given to him, and the other looking the picture of absolute despair, Colonel Engleheart turned to us.

"I will leave you young gentlemen to enjoy your wine and cigars," he said. "I must go to the library to attend to some business."

When he had gone, my friend and I stared stupidly at each other.

"Look here," said Engleheart, "the governor is making a big mistake. I'm as certain as may be that March didn't steal that money."

"But why on earth did your father entrust a bag of money to his keeping? Why couldn't he do his business with cheques?"

"Well, I don't see any reason for not telling you," said Engleheart. "You've heard of Peter Merton?"

"You mean that neighbour of yours who has been accused of poisoning foxes with strychnine because he objects to people hunting over his land?"

"The same. Some time ago the Pater borrowed money from him, on a mortgage, under the arrangement that the interest should be paid quarterly in gold. Nothing less would satisfy the old miser, for he loved the metal for its own sake, and had the keenest distrust of cheques.

"As this quarter's instalment falls due to-morrow, the money was to be brought from the bank to-day so that all should be in readiness.

"This was the more necessary as relations between old Merton and my father have recently become strained, and the non-fulfilment of the bargain on our part would probably mean that the mortgage would be called up and the estate sold."

"Look here," I said, "I believe there is some sort of connection between this money and the coin we picked up at the standing stones."

"By Jove!" he cried. "I believe you're right. Let us go back to the circle and investigate at once."

A quarter-of-an-hour later we had exchanged our evening clothes for the shooting togs that we had previously laid aside, and, armed with a revolver each, we set off.

A drizzling rain had now begun to fall, and the walk to the Druid circle was by no means a pleasant one, but to make up for the discomfort of our journey, we caught a glimpse of the little old man as soon as we had rounded the thicket that skirts the circle.

I drew Engleheart back and whispered to him to watch closely. Then I crept cautiously away till I reached a spot some hundred yards distant.

Wheeling about, I started off in the direction of the circle once more, but this time I was as careful to make a noise as I had previously been to avoid it. I kicked what loose stones lay in my path, and I whistled.

When I reached the spot where I had left Engleheart in hiding, I found him in a fever of excitement.

"Your plan has worked admirably!" he whispered. "As soon as the old fellow heard you, he jumped down from the stone and made for his lair."

Engleheart led the way to a flat slab lying upon the ground, and apparently embedded in it; when we pressed down one side, the stone swung round on a pivot, and revealed a flight of steps, leading into the bowels of the earth.

There was a faint light shining far beneath us, dim, but sufficient to show us the way.

We scrambled down the rough stone stairs, threaded a passage at the bottom, and then drew up suddenly; for, as we turned a sharp corner, we found ourselves face to face with the strange creature whose movements it was our object to watch.

Uttering a cry like a trapped animal, he turned upon us.

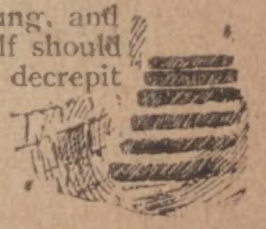
I covered him with my revolver, in the hope that it would make him draw back, but apparently he was immune to fear, for he dashed towards me and seized me by the throat.

Then the truth was apparent. The eyes that gazed into mine with such an intensity of hatred were those of a madman!

Engleheart rushed to my assistance, but my antagonist, releasing one hand from my throat, snatched a stone axe from his pocket and dashed it in my friend's face. Over went Engleheart like a ninepin.

With a growl of triumph my assailant turned his full attention to me once more, and I saw to my horror that all help from Engleheart's direction was effectually cut off, for he lay like a log where he had fallen.

It may seem extraordinary that a young, and comparatively muscular man like myself should be unequal to the struggle with such a decrepit



person as my antagonist seemed to be, but such was indeed the case. He appeared to be endowed with the strength of ten men, and I knew that the combat could not be long continued against him.

Here and there we swayed and writhed, my eyes bulging from their sockets, and all my senses reeling.

Then came the end.

There was a sudden lurch, and I knew that we had tripped over something, perhaps the body of my fallen friend. With a crash we struck the floor of the cave, still locked together. Then I remember no more.

* * * * * * *

When I recovered consciousness my head was aching and I felt as weak as a child.

I struck a match and turned to Engleheart.

I could see by the motion of his chest that he was still alive. My brandy flask was in my pocket, and I forced some of the contents down his throat.

To my joy he opened his eyes.

Five minutes later he was able to rise, and together we crossed the cave to where our enemy lay. He was quite dead.

I suppose that in our fall he must have struck his head against the stone floor, for I remember that he had been underneath, and had in consequence suffered the shock of our united weight.

We were looking at him when suddenly I noticed something strange about the hair on his face. He was wearing a false beard, and it had shaken loose with the fall.

"Great heavens!" cried Engleheart. "It's old Merton!"

And such proved to be the truth. The old miser had been strange in his behaviour for some time past, and in his insanity the predominant characteristic of his nature—his greed of gold—had come to the surface, and he had determined to waylay Colonel Engleheart's messenger and rob him of the money, as a preliminary to attempting a seizure of the Engleheart estates.

How he had discovered the cave beneath the Druid circle I do not know, but he was popularly supposed to be something of an antiquarian.

This cave is now one of the show places of Plaston, but the secret of its discovery is unknown to the many sightseers who come to visit it.

For my own part I would not enter that dreadful place again for a fortune. We found the Colonel's money in a box in one corner, and with its removal our interest in the awful cavern ended for ever.

## NAME TRAPS.

On the South-Western line there is a station which spells its name Ewell. If you ask at Waterloo for a ticket to "E-well" the booking clerk will give you one, for he is accustomed to hearing the name so pronounced. When you reach the station, however, you will find the porters shouting "You'll," and that is the correct pronunciation.

The inhabitants of Cirencester, who ought to know, call their town "Cicister"; Uttoxeter is correctly pronounced "Uxeter"; Belvoir is always referred to as "Beever"; Wymondham is "Winam"; Keighley is "Keethley"; Slaithwaite is "Slowit."

Mr. Arthur Bourchier pronounces his name "Bowcher," and those with the surname Geoghegan call themselves "Gaygan." Lord Cassillis pronounces his name "Castles." Dalziel is invariably pronounced by the bearers of that name as "Dee-el." Pulteney is pronounced "Pole-tny."

Cholmondeley is, of course, pronounced "Chumley," and Majoribanks, "Marchbanks"; in connection with which an amusing story is told of a certain American heiress who, on returning to New York, assured her friends that there was no learning correct English for the people were in the habit of spelling a name Cholmondeley and pronouncing it Marchbanks!

# ARE YOU A FOP?

A SOCIAL STUDY.

Should it be your fate, dear reader, to hear someone whisper "There goes a fop!" and to know that the remark is levelled at yourself, do not be angry, and do not worry yourself with stringent self-examination, for, wear what you may, there will be some who will brand you with this, their harshest invective.

Scarcely two people agree as to what constitutes a fop. Most of us would consider it foppish and lady-like for a man to wear French-shaped heels two inches high and to have his shoes needle-pointed. Yet this sort of shoe is worn by fishermen, who cannot be said to be dressy men.

What is considered bad taste with one class, may be despised as being too fashionable by another. Loose linen cuffs have long since ceased to be sold by the better-class hosiers, but in the estimation of his friends nothing is so typical of the dandy as a pair of cuffs on a working man, even if he is in Sunday clothes.

The wearing of riding breeches and leggings is to some people like a red rag to a bull, and you will hear them branding as a fop anyone so attired.

Yet a man may be compelled to walk in his riding things; supposing he gets his mount from a livery stable, when he has finished his ride he must leave the horse at the stable; to take a cab home would be unnecessary, and to have a stableman waiting at his house to take charge of the horse would be inconvenient, for it would necessitate fixing an exact time for the rider's return.

The most acknowledged fop would not dare to wear rings in his ears; yet they are worn by many a sailor-man who is absolutely innocent of affectation.

Some people think that a man stamps himself as a masher if he wears any sort of gloves, while he who wears any uncommon colour of gloves, such as slate, is in their opinion an out-and-out "Johnnie."

When double collars were first introduced they were looked on as the hall-mark of foppery, yet there are few men now who have not worn one of this shape at some time or other. It was the same with brown boots; when they were first brought to public notice they were regarded much as green ones would be to-day.

When cigarettes were first brought to this country they were considered fit for no man but the fop, and you will still occasionally meet people who entertain this absurd prejudice, though they will admit that cigars are all right.

Some time ago the most fashionable kind of walking-stick was that whose handle was bent at right angles to the stem. In the town in which the writer lives this sort of stick is still considered to be the exclusive property of the "Johnnie," and not a few of the worthy citizens still refuse to have one so shaped.

It is years since coloured linen shirts were introduced; yet you will still find many men who think them foppish.

There is one prejudice which most of us possess in this respect. We invariably brand the man with the single eye-glass a fop of the first water; yet the monocle is in many cases more sensible than ordinary spectacles. Nearly everyone has one eye weaker than the other; the optician places a lens in front of the weak eye and a piece of plain glass to correspond in front of the other. Hence one half of an ordinary pair of spectacles is generally useless, and a monocle worn in the weak eye would remedy the defective vision just as well. H. J. HERD.

# CURIOSITIES OF COWARDICE.

*What I fear I know not; but yet, as one deprived of sense, I fear all things.*—OVID.

One of my dearest friends is a man who fought along with me in the last Boer war, and who had the honour of being mentioned in dispatches for conspicuous bravery. He is the type you might describe as lion-hearted, for he does not need to overcome fear, he simply does not know of its existence—that is so far as fighting is concerned.

Yet he cannot speak to a child without showing unmistakable signs of uneasiness.

"It always seems to me," he confessed on one occasion, "that the innocent eyes of a child look into what I have for a soul, and see that I am not really all that the world takes me for. That's why I dread speaking to children."

I heard of an officer once—a colonel he was, and a model of bravery—who never went to bed at night without looking underneath it.

Time and again he has tried to break himself of this habit, for he despises it as a weakness, but when he does not make sure that the curtains conceal no intruder, he cannot sleep. He has a fixed belief that he will finally meet his death at the hands of a murderous burglar, and that his assailant will first conceal himself beneath the bed.

I have heard, but it is an explanation that I cannot vouch for, that his fear is due to the folly of an elder brother's prank when they were both children. This boy, dressed in a tiger skin, concealed himself beneath the crib of the future soldier, and gave him such a fright as to leave a permanent timidity in this one respect.

Not very long ago an acquaintance and I went for a run on our motor-bicycles from London to the Brooklands racing track at Weybridge.

He is a man I have not known very long, but he struck me as rather a daring rider. Those who have steered a motor-bike through traffic will agree with me that it requires some nerve to go at anything like a fair pace when the road is jammed up with vehicles. My companion took risks which I considered unwise, and he dodged between vans when there was scarcely room to pass.

We travelled by the north road and were about to cross the Thames by Walton bridge when the belt of my machine slipped, and I had to dismount to adjust it. He got off too, and as there is a sharp incline to the middle of the bridge we resolved to walk that far before mounting.

Just as we set foot on the bridge I turned to speak to him and was astonished at the change exhibited in his face.

"I can never set foot on a bridge," he said, "without suffering from blue funk. I always feel as if the beastly thing would give way beneath me."

Another example of a strange form of cowardice came under my notice when I was a boy. Near our place in the country there lived a fine old gentleman. He was an earl and had greatly distinguished himself in the Crimean war; his name I shall reserve, in case the recital of this little story should offend his successor. On one occasion he had at the risk of his life, saved a Turkish pasha from danger, and for this the pasha presented him with a magnificent white Arab horse as a token of gratitude.

This horse the earl used to ride nearly every day, and he was one of the finest horsemen I have ever seen.

One day, however, while I was out on my pony, his lordship dashed past me at full gallop. The Arab had bolted.

There was no real danger, for the road ran straight and level for a couple of miles in front, and he was sitting as firmly as if the horse were at the walk. But, as he came up with me, he yelled: "Take me off! Take me off! Will nobody take me off?"

The absurdity of addressing such a request to a mere boy did not seem to strike him. It was the only lapse into cowardice that I ever knew him to make. ERNEST MURISON.

# ALL KINDS OF BATHS

*What craftship is there any in more touching?*
—CARLYLE.

Much has been said concerning the dangers of the cold bath. That to the health of many it is injurious cannot be disputed, but there would be little risk if the individual would study the promptings of his inclinations. If you find the cold bath unpleasant, avoid it.

The action of a cold bath is to send the blood back to the heart, thus greatly stimulating the circulation; as soon as you leave the water, the blood rushes back to the skin, thus producing the pleasant reaction which stimulates the nerves and possesses the tonic effect.

When this reaction is not vigorous, the bath is probably doing you harm. It is not necessary, however, to deprive yourself of the tonic effect of cold water even if you are not robust; you can begin with tepid baths and gradually decrease the temperature until your system is strengthened to stand fairly severe cold.

**COLD BATHS WITHOUT SHOCK.**

A cold bath should not last for more than thirty seconds, but this is no reason why it should be taken in one severe plunge.

Sudden immersion in cold water tends to give the system a considerable shock. This must be avoided; all the benefits of the cold bath may be secured by first sponging the legs and chest, and then slowly lying down in the bath. This procedure eliminates much of the danger of sudden heart failure.

A cold bath should be taken in the morning, but must never be indulged in after violent exercise. Its effect on the muscles is a hardening one, and, when the muscles are tired, you want them to be relaxed and not further stiffened. When you are tired, it is therefore a tepid or a warm bath that you need.

It may be well here to tabulate the various degrees of temperature of the different kinds of baths:

| | |
|---|---|
| Cold bath ..... | 32° to 65° |
| Cool bath ..... | 65° to 80° |
| Tepid bath ..... | 80° to 90° |
| Warm bath ..... | 90° to 95° |
| Hot bath ..... | 95° to 105° |

**VIRTUES OF THE WARM BATH.**

A bath at a temperature of 90° or less has a stimulating effect. Warmer than that, its effects are rather sedative. The warm bath, by drawing the blood towards the surface of the body, relieves the muscles and eases pain. Head-workers should note that it has also an extremely refreshing effect on the over-worked brain, drawing the blood to the limbs and preventing headaches.

If by the pressure of circumstances you should be unable to obtain your usual amount of sleep, you will find that a warm bath will relieve your system in much the same way as sleep would do. The gentle perspiration induced will carry off the impurities that would otherwise have been chemically banished by the blood after many hours in bed.

No one should attempt to save time by docking a couple of hours from sleep and substituting in their stead a warm bath; I merely give you the tip in order that you may use it properly and in due measure.

Never on any account allow yourself to shiver in a bath. If the water feels cold, get out. On the other hand, when taking a warm bath, you may profitably spend twenty minutes in the water.

I can well remember the day when it was a fashionable thing to go to a Turkish bath. Most of these places have now been turned into gymnasiums or something else, and only the largest towns boast such an institution. The reason is that the Turkish bath has been tried and found wanting. The liability to after chills is so great that more harm than good is likely to result.

The vapour bath has largely taken the place of the Turkish. It is a simple thing to manage at home. All you need to do is to half-fill a footbath or a small tub with boiling water, place a wooden chair in it, seat yourself on the chair and wrap a blanket round you in such a way that it reaches to the ground on every side, but leaves your head uncovered.

**BATHING IN AIR.**

In a few minutes the steam from beneath your chair will induce a copious perspiration. Do not allow this to continue too long. A couple of minutes is quite sufficient. Be careful to dry yourself thoroughly and to cool off a little before you dress, so as to avoid the risk of a chill.

Hot-air baths can be arranged in a similar manner with a special kind of lamp, but I shall not deal with them here as I consider them extremely dangerous, and I have known of very severe scalds resulting from inaccurate regulation of the lamp.

The air bath is a German invention which is extremely useful in nervous cases. It is scarcely a thing that one can enjoy in a suburban garden, for its essential feature lies in the patient dressing himself in the scantiest of bathing costumes and doing gymnastic exercises in the open air.

The exercises themselves are of a gentle description, their object being rather to maintain the heat of the body than to develop the muscles. Such being the case, the bathers can continue the exercises for an hour or longer, during which time the air plays freely all over the surface of their bodies.

**FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.**

There are many kinds of medicated baths, each possessing its own particular virtues.

A soda bath is made by dissolving two pounds of washing soda in the water, and it is useful in cases of rheumatism and in certain skin diseases.

A sulphur bath has dissolved into it about two ounces of sulphate of potassium, and effects a similar purpose.

The advantages of sea bathing to rheumatic and nervous subjects are well-known. A bath whose virtues are scarcely less than that of the ocean can be prepared at home by dissolving some sea salt in the water. This salt must not be confused with the domestic variety; it is to be obtained from chemists and will cost you about a penny for each bath.

Bran baths are sometimes prescribed for those whose skin is suffering from weak circulation. A quart or so of bran is placed in the water, and with this mixture the body is thoroughly massaged.

This bath is a splendid reviver when you are dead beat after a hard game. It brings the blood to the outside and slackens stiff muscles wonderfully.

**TO INDUCE SLUMBER.**

An oatmeal bath is soothing, and is an excellent thing to take before you go to bed if you are subject to sleeplessness. About a quarter of a pound of oatmeal thrown into an ordinary bath will give you the right proportion. It makes the water soft and very pleasant to the skin.

I may be accused of effeminacy in advocating a bath with a dash of perfume in it, but I can assure you that it is an excellent and harmless stimulant. I don't suppose that the scent has any great effect on the skin, but the refreshing smell of the perfumed steam is delightful and invigorating.

A bath in which has been dissolved a few spoonfuls of ordinary mustard has a soothing effect on the muscles, which are relaxed and toned up at the same time. It is extremely useful after violent exercise and is most beneficial when the water is at a temperature of about 90°.

ALFRED MOIR, B.Sc.

# HEROIC FOOTBALLERS.

*Bravery never goes out of fashion.*—THACKERAY.

In the football field, as in the battlefield, we have the heat of contest, which disguises bodily pain for the time being, and so footballers, like soldiers, are capable of persistent endurance that would scarcely be possible under ordinary circumstances.

Excitement explains so much, and true British pluck the rest.

They still speak in Lancashire of a semi-final that was played many years ago at Skirton between that club and Haydock. Three times these clubs had met to decide the supremacy in the semi-final of the Lancashire junior championship, and twice had the matches ended in draws. On the third occasion the result was a draw again, each team having scored two goals. In order that a decision might be come to, three periods of extended time were played, so that the match lasted altogether for three solid hours.

One of the Skirton players had broken his shoulder-bone at the beginning of the contest, and it is typical of Lancashire's enthusiasm for sport that he remained at his post throughout the whole of that afternoon.

For true dramatic effect, the agonies he endured should have been rewarded by some brilliant effort on his part that would have secured victory for his side, but the impartiality of history demands that we adhere to the truth, and admit that, even with the extra time, the match ended in a draw.

When England played Scotland in the Rugby game at Richmond recently, few of the spectators were aware of the agony that was being endured by one of the Scotch team, Andrew Ross.

Before the game had been in progress ten minutes, he sustained a nasty fall and broke a rib, but he played on pluckily. When half-time arrived a doctor bandaged him in the pavilion, but, as soon as he began to play, Ross found that the bandage interfered with his freedom, and so he tore it off.

He finished the match with the satisfaction of knowing that his side had won.

Some years ago, when Wood was playing half-back for the Villa, that team met the 'Spurs at Tottenham, and during the first five minutes he was tripped up, receiving such a blow on the temple that no one expected him to continue the game, but he obstinately refused to leave the field.

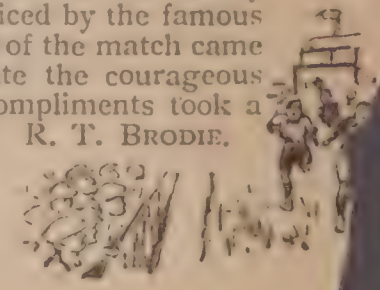
Those who saw him will never forget how he staggered, and all but fell, every time he attempted to head the ball. He was obviously dazed, but nevertheless his play was nearly as dashing as usual. When the match was finished and he was about to retire to the pavilion, he fell insensible to the ground, for the enthusiasm which had sustained him was now gone.

Carr, who played half-back for Newcastle United when they defeated Sheffield Wednesday in the semi-final of the cup a short time ago, was believed by most of the spectators to be in his usual form. Certainly his play was dashing, and one would have been unlikely to suspect the truth. As a matter of fact, Carr had strained his thigh and was in a totally unfit condition to play. So keen was he, however, in taking part in this particular match, that he disregarded all medical advice, and insisted on playing.

When the match was finished, he returned to the pavilion in a state of collapse, and there is no question but that his self-sacrifice greatly delayed his final recovery from his injury, but in the end he did recover.

Higgins, at that time centre half-back for West Bromwich Albion, turned out against the Villa in the final cup tie of thirteen years ago with a head swathed in bandages. Once again history set dramatic effect at defiance, for his side failed to win, the Villa scoring in the early part of the play the only goal of the match. The bravery of Higgins was, however, noticed by the famous Colonel North, who at the end of the match came to the pavilion to congratulate the courageous player. It is said that his compliments took a very substantial form.

R. T. BRODIE.



# LONDON: HELL

## IX. RACING ROGUES.

*You'll find at last this maxim true:*
*Fools are the game which knaves pursue.*—JOHN GAY.

I make no apology for including this article in my series of sketches of London life's seamy side. London, though not a racing centre, is the habitat of nearly every racing rogue who operates on suburban and provincial courses.

Racegoers are easy targets for the unscrupulous. In the first place, they are on pleasure bent, and consequently not as careful as they would be during business hours; secondly, men with the gambling instinct are notoriously easy to cheat.

Realising this, one set of crooks have reduced the swindling of the racegoer to a fine art, and if you attend any race and are well-dressed, the chances are 99 to 1 that some attempt will be made on your property.

**FUTILE PRECAUTIONS.**

The companies controlling the racecourses engage retired police inspectors to assist them in keeping out the better known swindlers. The detective generally posts himself at the London terminus and warns the rogues he knows that it is useless for them to attempt to enter the park. Should his warning be neglected, he will hand them over to the special police who are posted on the platform from which the race trains start.

The attempt to purge the racecourses is a worthy one, but that it is lamentably unsuccessful is proved by the presence of tricksters in every carriage of the train and every ten square yards of the course.

The known hand either disguises himself, and so slips past the detective, or else he takes a 'bus early in the morning to the next station on the line, and there boards a slow ordinary train which will bring him to the course in due time. The more prosperous crooks will even charter a motor-cab and drive from London straight to Kempton or Hurst Park as the case may be.

The first harvest of the crooks is reaped in the railway carriages, where they invite the guileless stranger to play cards with them, allowing him to win the first game or two in order that he shall be encouraged and make his stakes big. Then they cheat him in one of several ways.

**HOW THEY CHEAT AT CARDS.**

Sometimes the crooks see to it that when his hand is dealt he receives cards from the bottom of the pack, where the worst suit has been arranged for his benefit; another plan is to mark the back of the cards just at the index corner with thumb nail scratches indicative of their value; a simpler way is for one of the gang—who pretends to be a complete stranger to them, who is not playing, but who keeps a sharp eye on the cards of the mug they are swindling—to signal the value of his cards to the others by means of a code. If he tilts his cigarette upwards it means one thing, if he holds it with his thumb and forefinger it means another, if he touches his tie is means something else, and so on.

A game of cards is not always the chosen means for robbing the "can" as the racing rogue calls his victim. The three card trick, though hoary with antiquity, still brings grist to their mills.

Here the crook takes two cards in one hand and one in the other. He shows you that one of the cards is a queen, he throws them carelessly on a dust coat which he has spread upon his knees, and he invites you to find the lady.

You observed that the queen was the bottom of the two cards he had in his right hand, and you thought you saw him throw the bottom card to the extreme left. As a matter of fact he kept the queen and cleverly threw out the card above it first.

The middle card is almost invariably the queen, but you are never safe to bet upon it. I have seen the game played more times than I can remember, but I have yet to see the crook who pays up when his intended victim planks his money on the right card. When he sees you stretch towards the middle card the operator will allow the coat to fall from his knees; if you are too quick for him and turn up the card at once he will simply refuse to pay.

**ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.**

The crooks prefer gentle methods of gold extraction when these are feasible, but if you are wise enough to refuse all their invitations to waste your money, they will not infrequently resort to sterner measures.

Two of the men beside you will begin to quarrel, and the others will immediately rush to separate them. You then discover that you are in the very centre of the storm, and, before you know what has happened, your watch and chain has been removed and your pockets slit open. You have no remedy, for it is impossible for you in the melee to say which man robbed you.

On the racecourse itself you will find roguery of all degrees. Here stands a tipster. He plunges into the ground a gigantic umbrella and invites those who buy his tips to come back after the race and beat him with it if the horse does not win. Could anything be fairer?

If the horse does not win, as probably it will not, and you come back to accept the tipster's offer, you find that he has left. If, however, the horse he tipped for the first race won, he will do a roaring trade for the second.

**A TURF TRAGEDY.**

A little further on we find a man at the old game of thimble rigging. He has three thimbles and a pea, and after some manipulation he invites you to bet as to which thimble the pea is under. A little wax on the tip of his finger has removed the pea altogether and your chances of losing are infallible.

The cleverest hand I ever knew at thimble rigging was at one time a highly successful bookmaker. He always wore a light box-cloth coat with £5 pieces for buttons. As with most gamblers, it was with him a case of lightly come lightly go, and, though he must in his day have been worth many thousands of pounds, he went through it and was not able to meet his obligations after the victory of a certain horse which he had laid heavily against. It was then that he committed certain malpractices for which he was ordered off the course.

The last time I saw him he was sitting on a camp stool at Newbury with a paper spread over his knees, thimble rigging so neatly as to baffle detection even by those who knew the game. He is now broken down and prematurely aged, one of the living tragedies of the turf.

**FREE ENTRY.**

As racegoers know to their cost, the charges for admission to the various enclosures are heavy. The successful pick-pocket, the confidence man, the West-End sharp and others who can afford to do the grand, pay for admission like gentlemen, but the smaller fry have to secure it by artifice.

If the gatekeeper is new to his work—and these frequenters of the courses know every official upon them—they will attempt to bluff him and will often succeed. I know of one case where a crook informed the gatekeeper that he was the starter and was therefore allowed into the enclosure. Over the fence he told a friend how he had got in, and his friend boldly presented himself at the gate informing the official that he was the starter for the second race. That gatekeeper was very green, but he was learning.

The lumberer is the racecourse equivalent to the confidence trickster of the city. He is very well-dressed, and in the course of a casual conversation persuades a stranger that he knows of a good thing. "My brother's a friend of the owner you know." He induces his new acquaintance to entrust him with money to put on the horse, and, of course, he is not seen again.

**THE TELLER OF TALES.**

The tale-pitcher is another rogue of great persuasive powers. He, however, is dressed in most forlorn fashion, tells the stranger how he is a poor man who has been induced by rogues to bet money that did not belong to him, and how the prison gates will inevitably close upon him if he does not make up the amount lost. Thus has many a sovereign been given to the man upon whom the gaol gates certainly ought to close if they do not.

The crook bookie, or welsher, finds it on many courses almost impossible to get a living, but on others where vigilance is less strict he boldly backs the field and pockets the shillings and half-crowns entrusted to him. Should the race come out in his favour, he stops there and goes through the same process, but should he have to pay out, he simply bolts as soon as the winners are announced.

His methods are amateurish compared with those of another type of crook-bookie, who boldly keeps his place however much the races may go against him, but who sees to it that the betting slips are never presented by the winners.

**FAKE SLIPS.**

He is surrounded by a gang of roughs who are in his pay, and as soon as he sees that he has lost over a race he hands out a set of slips to them. When the winners come up for their money these fresh slips are presented to the bookie and duly cashed. The winners are then informed by the bookie that the slips they have are not his, and his bodyguard back up his statements by assuring everybody that he is straight and that they have just received their winnings from him.

Some bookmakers work with "brief-snatchers," men who grab the betting slip from the winner's hand when he presents it for payment. You can never be certain that the bookmaker is to blame when your slip is snatched from you. Sometimes a crook all on his own will boldly snatch a slip and afterwards present it to the bookmaker for payment. The latter may know perfectly well that he is a wrong 'un, but he dare not refuse; if he did, he would probably be robbed, or perhaps maimed for life, before he reached town.

**MOB JUSTICE.**

I remember on one occasion while attending a meeting at Lewes, seeing an angry crowd pitch a dozen men into the river that flows near by. Luckily for the victims the police were at hand, and, after driving the crowd back, they safely brought the half drowned men to land.

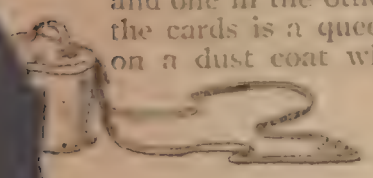
I learnt then that a fraudulent bookie had issued fresh slips to his supporters, but, unfortunately for him, the men who won were mostly natives of the district and consequently knew one another. They were convinced that the bookie was doing them, and a fight began between the crowd and the bookie, who was supported by his roughs.

The bookie gouged out the eye of one young fellow who endeavoured to lay hands on him, and the crowd, ferocious at this outrage, ducked him and his satellites in the water.

I read with some satisfaction afterwards that this bookmaker received a sentence of ten years' penal servitude for what he had done. He was one of the few racing rogues who are punished. The majority—alas!—go scot free.

STUART FREEMAN.

[*A further article of this series will appear next week.*—ED.]



# MOUNTED POLICE

*Staid guardian of the public peace.*
—WORDSWORTH.

The constable on a horse seems, somehow, to be superior to the ordinary bobby, and his job is one that appeals to many. In the case of the Metropolitan police the mounted force is a large one, for the Metropolitan police have the safeguarding of a vast tract of country — roughly a circle round London with a fifteen mile radius. Their task is not a light one.

To obtain admission to this branch of the force is not difficult for a man who has served in a cavalry regiment, but applications are also considered from constables who have served on foot for six months and who possess some knowledge of horses and riding.

The foot policeman serves eight hours a day, but the mounted constable, not having to supply the force for his own locomotion, has to put in ten hours a day, generally five in the saddle and five in the stables. He is not subjected to the same risks as the foot policeman, for encounters with burglars are to him unknown; nevertheless there are dangers which may overtake him at any time.

**RIDING IN DANGER.**

As he walks his horse slowly along the left side of the road, a motor-car, whose occupants fail to distinguish him from the general darkness, may crash into him; and on most of the roads patrolled by the Metropolitan mounted police motor-cars are plentiful.

The conditions of service in the various counties differ a little, but in most respects they are similar to those holding in the London district, the bulk of the mounted men being selected from those who have served six months on foot.

The Royal Irish Constabulary is a semi-military force and its members consider themselves greatly superior to the ordinary policeman. This force polices the whole of Ireland, with the exception of Dublin, and, apart from those men who are employed in the various towns, the majority are mounted.

Recruiting is brisk, for in a force of 10,500 there are bound to be many vacancies. The candidate is required to be between 19 and 27 years of age, at least 5 feet 9 inches in height, must have at least 36 inches in girth round the chest and must be unmarried.

**PAY IN THE R.I.C.**

The pay of the recruit is £39 a year, but on completing his six months' probationary service he is paid at the rate of £54 12s. a year. After that he receives a rise of £2 12s. every third year till he is getting £70 4s. a year.

An ordinary constable cannot receive more than this, but as a sergeant he will get from £75 to £80, and as a head constable from £91 to £104. After twenty-five years' service he receives a pension amounting to three-fifths of his pay.

To a pushing man there are special opportunities for rapid promotion; for example, every year thirty acting sergeants are chosen from those constables who have put in five years' service and come out best in the competitive examination. In the ordinary way it would take a man twelve years to get such a post.

The pay is not very attractive, and it is not for that that the men enlist. The life is healthy and pleasant, especially now that agrarian troubles are largely over. In the old days when evictions were common, the task of the mounted constable was apt to be depressing. The duties still include several things which the police of no other place are asked to do. Weights and measures have to be inspected, and agricultural statistics compiled, duties which we should consider in Britain to be exclusively the work of the Civil Service.

The officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary are, like those of the Army, drawn from a class socially superior to that of the men. Preference is given to sons of officers, and admission is by a limited competitive examination, candidates being nominated by the Lord Lieutenant.

**FEW VACANCIES FOR OFFICERS.**

The vacancies for officers rarely exceed eight each year, so that the outlook of the candidate is not over hopeful; besides he must maintain himself during his period of cadetship and, on becoming a third-class district inspector, must supply himself with an outfit costing about £50. Although most of the officers are recruited in this manner, many have risen from the ranks, and the ambitious constable has always the prospect of emulating their example.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police is one of the finest bodies of men in the world. Strangely enough there are amongst them more men of British birth than native Canadians. When you know that the 800 men of the force have to look after an area of nearly half a million miles, you will understand that their work is frequently solitary, and no man should enlist unless the call of the wild makes a strong appeal to him.

You may join anywhere between the ages of 22 and 40, men near the former age being preferred. Application must be made at the headquarters at Regina, North-West Territory, Canada, and candidates must go there at their own expense. If, however, you write to the Commissioner at that address, he will send you all particulars and, when you answer his questions fully and enclose a medical certificate from your doctor, he will be able to tell you whether your application is likely to be successful.

In any case you go out at your own risk. The pay is 2s. 6d. a day, rising to 4s.

**THE S.A.C.**

The South African Constabulary are responsible for the policing of the Transvaal and Orange River Colony. Recruiting for this force has ceased in Britain, and applications must now be made to the Staff Officer in Johannesburg.

Candidates must pay their own passage and be prepared to accept rejection if they fail in the medical examination. The age may be anywhere between 20 and 35 and the height between 5 feet 6 inches and 6 feet.

The trooper's pay is 5s. a day, with everything found. All details can be had from the London Staff Officer, King's Court, Broadway, Westminster.

The conditions of service in the Cape Mounted Police are almost identical with those of the Transvaal force, except that you can join anywhere between 18 and 30. Here also recruiting has been discontinued in Britain, and applications must be made to the commissioner, C.M.P., Capetown.

**PASSAGE PAID.**

The British South African Police, who look after Rhodesia, are kinder to applicants from this country. From time to time they advertise in British papers for men, and they pay you half-a-crown a day from the time of sailing and pay your passage to South Africa, although they subsequently deduct the cost of this by instalments from your screw.

A trooper's pay here is from 8s. to 10s. a day. It is wise for the applicant to write in the first instance to the British South Africa Company, 2, London Wall, E.C., who will inform him whether recruits are at present wanted from Britain and, if not, when they are likely to be wanted. It is impossible to be definite on that point here, as the demand for recruits fluctuates.

The Australian and New Zealand forces are recruited almost exclusively from Colonials, and that of British Columbia refuses admission to all not born there.

S. A. POLDER.

# SPORTING PARSONS.

## SOME CREDITS TO THE CLOTH.

The old-fashioned parson, who could drink his punch glass for glass with the Squire and who in the hunting field was always in at the finish, is rapidly disappearing; but we have in his place a new kind of athletic parson who, if less ornamental, is considerably more useful.

The Rev. Osborne Jay has had erected in the hall beneath his church in Shoreditch a boxing ring in which fights to a finish take place practically every night during the winter months.

Mr. Jay tried to get into touch with the people of the neighbourhood by introducing reading rooms and other forms of mild entertainment, and he found in these attempts nothing but failure. Then he determined to endeavour to turn the fighting propensities of his flock from mere brawling to scientific boxing. He himself is uncommonly skilful with the gloves, and personally teaches all the members of his club.

Shoreditch has become a more respectable quarter since Mr. Jay opened his boxing club, and he has stimulated thoughts of religion in those whom he could not otherwise have approached.

"The Costers' Pope" is the nickname of Father Preedy, who has founded a small club in the crypt of All Saints' Church, Islington.

Another sporting London parson is the Rev. Tom Collings, who is an expert writer on sporting subjects to one of the London dailies. On Sunday afternoons he frequently addresses a working men audience in his shirt-sleeves and with a pipe in his mouth. It was he who shut himself up in a small-pox hospital to minister to the dying, and his pluck surprised nobody who knew him.

The Rev. Everard Digby, of St. Michael's, Coventry, has not even got a hall, so he screens off the altar of his mission church, and on week nights converts the place into a club, where the young men of the town may box and play cribbage.

Prebendary A. P. Wickham has done yeoman service in wicket keeping for Somerset; the Rev. F. G. Gillingham makes light of running up a century for Essex; the Rev. Harvey Staunton has done much for Notts; while the Rev. W. V. Jephson has been extremely useful to Hampshire.

The Rev. A. N. Cooper, Vicar of Filey, is known to fame as the Tramping Parson. During his annual vacation he walks thirty miles a day for weeks on end, and each year he endeavours to explore some new country; one year he did Belgium, another Spain, another Germany, and he rejoices in the fact that he has still new ground to cover.

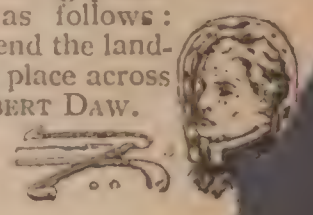
The vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale rowed in his day in the Cambridge eight, and nothing pleases him better now than to feel a boat beneath him. Many a holiday has he spent in a light racing skiff on the canals of the north country, and many are the adventures he has had with the truculent bargees. He is, however, very capable of looking after himself.

Not very long ago the Rev. G. N. Herbert while preaching in a Norwich church referred to the fact that a chain's strength was in its weakest part. To prove his point he fixed each end of a stout chain to the sides of the pulpit, wrapped a handkerchief round his hand and brought it down smartly on the chain, which snapped in two.

That a parson who could do such a thing must necessarily be a smart man, was the conclusion come to by most who heard of this feat, and his congregation on the following Sunday was a record one.

The Rev. J. F. M. Whish, of Birmingham, used to put in front of his church such intimations as this: "Subject: A good day on the course. Come and hear your old pal," and occasionally he would peep in at neighbouring public houses and address the company as follows: "Now, boys, you've given my old friend the landlord long enough; just drop in at my place across the street before you go home."

ALBERT DAW.



# THE AERIAL REVELATION

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By A. M. KIRKE.

During the summer of 1910 the people of these islands had individually been feeling queer, but nobody said anything about it to anybody else till afterwards. Early in the autumn things came to a crisis.

Now that it is all past there can be no doubt that it was due to the supercharging of the air with electrical currents, owing to the increase in the number of Marconi stations and the fact that farthing newspapers had been established. They sold in gigantic numbers, and, of course, got all their news from America, which kept the Marconi apparatus very busy.

It was on a Monday morning when the great change took place.

Some people woke up to find that they had grown much too long for their beds; some had in their sleep allowed their feet to stretch through beneath the bar at the foot of the bed, and now they could scarcely extricate themselves. Others found, to their astonishment, that they had dwindled in size since the previous day till they were now anything between a few inches and three feet.

The scientists set to work to solve the problem, they themselves suffering from the general increase or decrease in height. Careful observations showed that all the good people had grown to about twelve feet high, and all the bad ones had shrunk till they were three feet at the most. That much had been established by the end of the first day.

As illustrative of the troubles the great change entailed, we may take the case of a 'bus that ran from Putney to Liverpool-Street.

The driver and conductor, being both fairly virtuous, were each twelve feet high and proportionately fat. When the driver mounted his box, the 'bus tipped forward till it rested balanced on the two front wheels. The conductor had to get on the step to make things even again, and between them the 'bus seemed likely to collapse.

Then the passengers began to appear at the street corners. They were all big. Only good people could possibly want to ride on 'buses; the bad ones were in too great a hurry, and preferred the tubes.

The conductor shouted "Benk, Benk, Liverpole-Street," and the passengers prepared to pack themselves inside the 'bus, as was their wont, but one old gentleman stuck in the door.

He had been in the habit of giving a penny each morning to the beggar at the corner of the street, and he was very good. (The beggar by the way had shrunk to a mere nothing, for he was not poor at all but an impostor.)

The conductor pushed, and the solitary passenger who had already got inside pulled, and at length the old gentleman was extricated from the doorway, but it was found that he and the other just filled the inside of the 'bus.

Two more got on the top, and, with these four passengers and the conductor and driver, the horses had all they could tackle.

The managing director of the 'bus company, who had strangely enough diminished terrifically in size, sacked all the big conductors and drivers and put in their places little men; moreover he instructed his servants not to take as passengers any but little people.

The little bad people were, of course, difficult to get, because they preferred the tubes, but after a good deal of trouble the little conductor managed to fill his 'bus with them.

It seemed a profitable idea, for he got forty of them inside and fifty on top, but, being bad people, they paid with bad pennies; and the conductor, being bad too, decamped with all the takings; so the innovation was unprofitable and the 'bus service had to be suspended.

It was not very comfortable being good. You found that the clothes you had worn the day before were ridiculously small. Your trousers now came only to your knees, and possibly you found yourself without any knickerbocker stockings.

Your hat sat like a pill box on the top of your head, and your walking stick was not long enough to reach the ground. When you got to the office your chair collapsed beneath your gigantic weight, and your chief frowned enviously at you, because he was bad and had consequently shrunk to the size of a child.

When you went to your favourite tea-shop to have lunch you found that the majority of the waitresses were wearing short skirts, not because of any new fashion but simply because they had outgrown the others. The manageresses of most of the depôts had pinned the back window curtains round the foot of their skirts, but there were not enough curtains to allow the waitresses to make similar alterations.

A big trade was done in magnifying glasses. Company promoters, theatrical managers and others carried magnifying glasses as big as themselves, so that they might appear visible to the naked eye.

In a couple of days' time the scientists confirmed what most of us had already observed. It was that people varied in size according to what they had done. They found themselves big or little on that memorable Monday morning, but after that they increased or decreased according to their actions and thoughts.

It was absolutely unsafe, for example, to be kind to anybody; for, if you were, your bulk would increase about fifty per cent., and you would burst all your buttons.

Some of the big people, on the other hand, failed to pay their tailors for the new suits they had had made, and, it being a bad thing to try to cheat a tailor, they immediately decreased in size till the new suit hung flapping about them. Being bad now, they did not hesitate to send the suit back as a misfit.

In the case of the good ladies there was a somewhat extraordinary phenomenon. The electrical currents seemed to draw towards themselves all those with lofty-mindedness, and the hair of the good ladies stood straight up above their heads in a kind of stiff pinnacle. It was impossible to balance a hat on the top of this cone, and so the good ladies just tied a little piece of blue ribbon round the apex.

But their feminine hearts bled at the thought of being unable to wear French hats, and so they one and all determined to do something bad in order that their hair might become fluffy again and cease to stand upright. They therefore said rude things to one another, in the hope that this would be sufficiently sinful to have the desired effect; but, after they had said the rude things, they became so deeply sorry for their remarks that they lost none of their goodness.

Envy was the feminine sin that the scientists suggested as being the most convenient for their purpose, but there was nobody to envy: all the good women were as ridiculous as themselves, and it was impossible for people whose hair stood on end to envy one another; the bad ones who had fluffy hair had grown so small that they also were out of the running, and envy-proof.

One daring lady placed herself at the foot of a lift well, and had the lift lowered down till it crushed her hair flat. A little further manipulation enabled her to dress it in a very fair imitation of fluffiness and to don a French hat. She sallied forth down Regent-Street, and all the ladies who saw her became so envious that they immediately shrank to somewhere about normal size, and their hair returned to its former fluffiness. The sin of envy was just about right, and now there was an opportunity of exercising it. It seemed to keep the ladies pretty near the usual five feet four.

Socialists had, of course, grown so very small as to be scarcely visible. Vegetarians, on the other hand, were large or small according to the virtues of the individual, but one extraordinary characteristic they possessed in common. They had for years been imitating the beasts of the field, and now they might be observed creeping on all fours whenever opportunity occurred. The patrons of a vegetarian restaurant beside Trafalgar-Square were worth watching. They came running along Chandos-Street and down St. Martin's-Lane, some on their hands and knees, and others on their hands and toes.

Serious trouble arose in the Army. The rank and file of the various regiments became, almost without exception, gigantically large, but the officers, quite without exception, became so diminutive that when the privates saw a horse coming towards them they could never be quite sure whether there was an officer on its back or whether it was only a fly having a rest.

The Navy became so heavy that the complement for each ship had to be cut down.

Trade at first was almost at a standstill, but by and by it began to be put on a firmer footing. The heads of businesses were of course mostly bad and consequently very small. Their lack of virtue being thus so obvious, nobody would patronise them, but at length they hit upon a very sound plan. They engaged gigantic employees to serve their customers, while they themselves remained either beneath the counter or sat unobserved at the back of a picture frame.

The good people rather enjoyed the exposure of the bad people, but at length their hearts, being naturally soft, melted, and they determined to do what they could to restore everybody to his previous height.

It was the Marconi stations that had done it all; so the good people formed a little army and determined to attack the wireless telegraph stations and pull down all the apparatus.

One night, just as it was getting dark, they set out for the station at Greenwich, which was supposed to be the one chiefly responsible for the astonishing revelations of London character. The good people had to be very wily in order to get past the Marconi staff who were closely guarding the apparatus; with this exercise of wiliness they found themselves diminishing slightly in size, but they attached little importance to it.

When, however, they laid hands on the telegraph apparatus, they instantaneously made themselves bad by trying to injure somebody else's property, and so, though previously they had been quite fit for the job, they were now far too small to pull down the aero-telegraph masts.

Sorry and sad they marched back to London, where all the company promoters, editors and other little people laughed at them.

Then a certain operatic tenor, who had become microscopically small in spite of having recently made a large donation to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, suggested that all the little people in London should march on Greenwich.

The fact that they were touching other people's property would not be likely to decrease their size, as they had in their time done things very much worse than that. And so the great attack was made.

Fires were kindled about the base of the aero-telegraph masts, and when they came toppling down to the ground people resumed their former heights.

The good people now found their clothes trailing loosely about them, while the little people suffered great inconvenience from the bursting of seams, but, the plight of all being equally ridiculous, nobody minded much.

# A MANS DRESS EXPENSES.

### THE PURPOSE OF THIS ARTICLE.

*Captain Saunders informs me that he has received so many letters from readers who want to know how much a man must spend to be well-dressed, that he feels impelled to devote the whole of "The Outer Man" page to this subject, as it cannot be discussed more briefly.*

*I find from my readers' letters, however, that Captain Saunders's notes are so popular in their present form that I cannot consent to their being altered. I feel that if "The Outer Man" dealt—even for one week—with this subject exclusively, some of my readers who enjoy the page in its present form, dealing as it does with so many aspects of masculine dress, might be disappointed.*

*Therefore, I have placed this page at the disposal of Captain Saunders, and I can most confidently recommend his article to the attention of all my friends.*—YOUR EDITOR.

### THE DIFFICULTY OF ESTIMATING.

I am very well aware of the fact that in compiling an imaginary dress budget for the average man, I am cutting a rod for my own back.

Critics of high and low degree will forward me scathing letters from the moment that this page first reaches the eye of my readers. Those who can afford to spend more than the sum I set forth will assert that I have omitted many essential articles of attire; those who cannot afford to spend so much will state that I have been foolishly extravagant in my estimates; those who can afford to spend just the amount I cite will tell me that I have arranged the expenditure injudiciously.

Knowing this, why should I put myself to the trouble of compiling a budget which is so unlikely to meet with approval?

For the simple season that I know that I could supply my readers with nothing so interesting. Although you may not agree with my opinions, I am sure that you will find entertainment in glancing down this imaginary page from the account book of a methodical dresser.

Let us therefore cut the cackle and come to the 'osses.

My first budget demands an expenditure of £38 15s. per annum, a sum which I imagine to be the least upon which a man can dress with comfort and to really good effect.

### FOR THE WELL-DRESSED MAN.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 Lounge Suits at £4 10s. | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| 1 Flannel Suit | 2 | 10 | 0 |
| 6 Coloured Shirts at 4s. 6d. | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| 4 White Shirts at 4s. 6d. | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 3 Dozen Collars at 9d. | 1 | 7 | 0 |
| 1 Silk Hat | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| 4 Bowlers at 6s. 6d. | 1 | 6 | 0 |
| 2 Caps at 3s. 6d. | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| 1 Straw Hat | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 1 Overcoat | 3 | 3 | 0 |
| 2 Dozen Handkerchiefs at 9d. | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 2 Pairs of Boots at £1 1s. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 1 Pair of Slippers | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| 1 Dozen Pairs of Socks at 1s. 6d. | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 2 Fancy Vests at 15s. | 1 | 10 | 0 |
| 1 Umbrella | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| 6 Pairs of Gloves at 3s. | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 6 Ties at 2s. 6d. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| 6 Sets of Underwear at 7s. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| 4 Suits of Pyjamas at 10s. 6d. | 2 | 2 | 0 |
| Sundries | 0 | 10 | 0 |
| Sinking Fund | 5 | 0 | 0 |
| | £38 | 15 | 0 |

### WHYS AND WHEREFORES.

In the above estimate I have allowed my victim only two lounge suits per annum, but for these I am making him pay a fairly high price, and I believe the result will be much more satisfactory than if he bought three suits of cheaper quality.

For his shirts I am allowing him to pay only 4s. 6d.; if he wants them made to measure, he must either increase his dress allowance or cut down the cost of something else.

In the matter of collars I do not think it is possible for him to do with less than three dozen in the twelvemonth, for a collar will not stand the attentions of the laundress more than twelve times, and if you work it out you will find that about thirty-six collars are thus used up in the course of a year, that is if the man wears a clean one every day, as the well-dressed man certainly will.

Four bowler hats are by no means too many for city wear; the dust, and the brush used to remove it, hack out the life of a hat, and it loses its pristine glories in about three months.

In the way of overcoats I am allowing my model spender three guineas per annum, on the supposition that one year he will buy a winter overcoat and that the next year he will purchase a summer coat, which will be used in the following summer.

I am permitting him the luxury of two fancy vests at 15s. each, which allows him to have them of good material and properly made. If, however, he desires to revise this budget, they are perhaps the most dispensable part of it.

If he is particularly nice in the matter of gloves, for instance, he might put the cost of vests on to that item, for I have allowed him only one pair every two months.

I have been, I think, economical in the matter of underwear, allowing my pupil three sets of pants and vests for summer wear and three sets for winter use. If he pays 3s. 6d. a garment, he ought to be able to get fairly good stuff.

I specify good flannel pyjamas, but here again a saving could be made if the wearer is content with flannelette.

Under the item of sundries I include braces, bootlaces and little things of that kind which are not worth individual consideration.

My sinking fund of £5 is something of a novelty. I intend it to be devoted to the renewal of such things as the evening dress suit and the morning coat suit.

The man I have in mind is not the type of person who is dressing for dinner every evening; he is just the man who is fairly comfortably off. He will not therefore need an evening dress suit annually, and will be satisfied if he can renew the one he has every three years or so. From this sinking fund also such expenses as those of boot repairing must come.

### THE MAN'S STOCK.

I wish it to be understood distinctly that these budgets are intended to represent the annual expenditure. They are not supposed to furnish a man from a desert island with an outfit.

The man who has just come into a fortune and has no other clothes than those he stands in, or the man who has just ceased to be a guest in one of his Majesty's hotels, will require to spend about half as much again as the annual expenditures I have cited, in laying in what I may call a stock.

The stock or permanent wardrobe we accumulate insensibly.

From the time when we begin to make eyes at the little girl next door to the time when we finally marry some other little girl, we collect such useful appurtenances as a trousers press and boot trees.

It would not be fair to allow for these in an annual expenditure, as when once bought they serve us fo[illegible]st of our lives.

It is also to be noted that in the matter of underwear there would be several garments surviving from the previous season which, though they had lost their first freshness, would still be perfectly serviceable.

My second budget is designed for the man who cannot afford to buy everything he needs and would like to have. As I referred to the other as a well-dressed man, I must call my second model a well-clothed man; he can be neat at all times, but he cannot be quite so dressy as the first.

### FOR THE WELL-CLOTHED MAN.

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 Lounge Suits at £3 3s. | 6 | 6 | 0 |
| 6 Coloured Shirts at 3s. 6d. | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| 2 White Shirts at 3s. 6d. | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| 3 Dozen Collars at 6d. | 0 | 18 | 0 |
| 3 Bowlers at 5s. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| 2 Caps at 2s. 6d. | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| 1 Straw Hat | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| 1 Overcoat | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| 2 Dozen Handkerchiefs at 6d. | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| 2 Pairs of Boots at 16s. | 1 | 12 | 0 |
| 1 Pair of Slippers | 0 | 3 | 6 |
| 1 Dozen Socks at 1s. | 0 | 12 | 0 |
| 1 Umbrella | 0 | 4 | 6 |
| 3 Pairs of Gloves at 2s. 6d. | 0 | 7 | 6 |
| 3 Ties at 2s. | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 5 Sets of Underwear at 5s. | 1 | 5 | 0 |
| 3 Pyjamas at 5s. | 0 | 15 | 0 |
| Sundries | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Sinking Fund | 0 | 7 | 0 |
| | £18 | 5 | 0 |

### BY WAY OF EXPLANATION.

My second budget demands an expenditure of exactly a shilling a day, a sum which it is absolutely necessary to spend if he is to lay claim to the title of being well-clothed. To be what I should call really well-dressed is out of the reach of the £18 5s. man.

I have given him two lounge suits at three guineas each, as I consider it wiser for him to purchase two reasonably good suits than to patronise the cheapest class of tailor and fritter away the few shillings he may thus save by spending them on unimportant trifles of dress.

He must have his three dozen collars, but I can afford him only the sixpenny quality.

His bowler must last the four months, though for the last few weeks of the fourth month it is likely to look a little grey. I am making him pay 5s. for each of his bowlers, as I do not think that those sold at 3s. 9d. either look or last well.

For his overcoat he can afford only £2, and I am presuming that he works on the same system as the more opulent person I have been describing; that is, that he buys a summer coat one year and a winter coat the next.

I give him only two pairs of boots, but at 16s. each they should be able to see him through the year.

In the matter of gloves and ties I have had to cut him down considerably, and have been obliged to apply the same drastic system to the material of his underwear and pyjamas. For sundries I have been able to allow him only 5s., and for sinking fund 7s.

### BE KIND, DEAR READER.

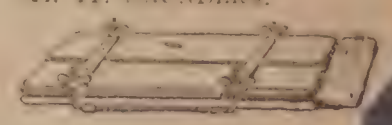
Such then are the ways in which I would spend my dress allowance if it were either £38 15s. or £18 5s.

The £38 15s. man would find matters much easier if he would stretch a point and allow himself £1 a week. The extra £13 5s. would supply him with sporting togs and other things which I have not in this budget been able to supply him with.

My own humble opinion is that a man should spend just as much on dress as he can conveniently afford to do. Very often dressing well is an absolute necessity in business and helps to produce the wherewithal to dress better.

Now, gentlemen, I have given you my estimates and trust you will let me down lightly.

L. H. SAUNDERS.



## THE [illegible]NG MASTER.

A SKETCH.

He is not representative of his class, nor of any other class for that matter. Probably that is why he is the possessor of a more than usually interesting personality.

It is always so. The man who is a little bit out of the usual run can scarcely fail to be entertaining, and this teacher of the noble art is unlike anybody else.

He is an avowed hater of routine; his enemies will put it differently by saying that he lacks the necessary amount of application. Anyhow he has been soldier, postman, coal-miner and photographer in his time, but he threw aside each job as soon as he got tired of it, and now he earns his living through the one thing at which he ever excelled—boxing.

At this he is an expert, but you must not compliment him on the fact, because he is not proud of it.

He regards his teaching of pugilism solely as a means of getting bread and butter, and the pupil who sees nothing but the boxer in him will not be allowed to read the inner character of the man.

"Smith is a silly young ass," he once said of a pupil. "Between rounds, and at odd times, he never speaks of anything but boxing; he seems to think I should be well posted in all ring matters, and you know I never read about them. The result is I hardly talk to him at all, except so far as I must to teach him. I reserve my conversation for men who can understand me."

And it is doubtful whether these are more fortunate than those who don't understand him. He is a bachelor in lodgings, and he has read too much to find his landlady's conversation very entertaining, so he talks only when he is with a pupil, and only with one of the receptive kind.

Then he makes up for lost time. He will expound to you the theories of Darwin, the philosophy of Huxley and the strange imaginings of Figuier, however little these subjects may appeal to you.

He will talk all the time you are gasping for breath, and will expound philosophy while the stench is still rising from your reeking gloves. He will accompany you on your way home and you will find it difficult to stop him and say good-night without feeling that you are offending him.

But in all his conversation there is never a word of boxing.

Pupils to whom he does not talk—pupils whom he does not victimise into listening to him, if you prefer that way of putting it—are apt to have rather a rough time. To them he is only a pugilist, and in dealing with them the primitive instincts of the man come out, and he hits hard.

He wears a moustache, and it was once suggested to him that a photograph in which he appeared clean-shaved was more pleasing then another taken recently.

"Why don't you shave it off?" he was asked.

"For the same reason that I always wear a bowler hat and never a cap," he replied. "If I were clean-shaven I believe I'd look like a pugilist, and I should hate that."

And he drifted on to a discourse on how the pugilistic face is developed, bringing in the "Origin of Species" to back up his arguments.

His chief delight, apart from reading the heaviest of books, is in making the most drivelling of verses. Here is another contradictory phase of this extraordinary character. His verses are limping, and not always in correct English, but he reads them to you with the utmost earnestness and with more than a suggestion of local accent, which makes the more serious of them absurdly grotesque.

And yet, in spite of all his peculiarities, he is one of the best men God ever put breath into, and one of the staunchest friends—but it is very, very difficult to get his friendship. When you have secured it, however, you have something worth possessing.

M. BRUCE.

# MY NOTEBOOK.

**TACKLE.** Have you ever carefully studied the catalogue of an athletic outfitter and considered the marvellous array of appliances which he offers you for the attainment of success in your particular pastime? He will sell you hundreds of different flies for circumventing the wily trout, but even with this prodigious outfit at his disposal the wealthy angler still has occasional recourse to the fishmonger for the filling of his basket after a blank day's sport, while the little boy with the bent pin and the worm catches more than he and his family can consume.

You get the same thing in all other branches of sport. Instead of the hard, ordinary cycle saddle you can ride on a soft seat slung between the handle bars and the back of the frame; you may purchase a saddle which is inflated like a tyre; and yet the best riders continue to use the ordinary standard form. Golfers again have offered to them marvellous cores and substances designed to make the ball fly with speed and accuracy, and yet the great matches are as often as not won with the more old-fashioned type of ball.

Sometimes I am sorry to see the ingenuity of the sportsman and the inventor thus directed towards the simplifying of sport and the quick attainment of success. It is not winning that gives pleasure so much as participation in the sport, and for that all you need is tackle of the simplest description.

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**MONEY.** What is it worth, after all? About two-and-a-half per cent. if you have it to lend, and about a hundred per cent. if you want to borrow it.

That's it in hard figures, but what is it worth from the personal view-point?

Very little, believe me.

In connection with this paper I am making more money than I am going to tell you about. People don't think how much is made out of a successful penny paper, and perhaps it is better that they shouldn't. My own position as an editor is peculiar, in that I am sole owner as well. I am playing a lone game, playing for my own hand, and I am doing it successfully.

I am making money.

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**AND SOMETHING BETTER.** Once upon a time I thought that was all I should ever wish for. I thought that with money I should be able to buy everything my heart desired—and I was quite wrong.

The things that now please me most are the things that cost me nothing at all.

Work is the first of them; from it I have more pleasure than from anything else. I nurse this paper as a mother might her only baby, and I am supremely happy in doing it.

Since THE MODERN MAN has proved itself a record success I have made many new friends, at least I have got to know people who are very polite to me and very agreeable; but when I come to think out their motives I am forced to suppose that in most cases it is money they want, and not my friendship.

There are some who strengthened me with their good wishes and advice when the paper was but an idea—an eccentric idea my detractors called it then. To these old friends (for a couple of months such as the last eight weeks have been to me are a lifetime) I shall ever tender my sincerest gratitude. It is my feeling towards them, and theirs towards me that is worth something—worth everything, for nothing could buy it, no money could call it into being.

In the days when the fate of THE MODERN MAN still hung in the balance, I received many letters from absolute strangers—encouraging letters, messages that told me I was right in my endeavours. To answer these unknown correspondents I put aside all other work—money-producing work—and with many of them, I am glad to say, I have formed a personal and lasting friendship, something better worth having than all my profits.

Don't think me egotistical.

Each of us lives in his own little sphere, and we can only point an argument by taking an illustration from it.

My point, and I hope I have convinced you it is right, is that money is dirt compared with human sympathy. I thought once that money was everything, but now I know my error.

There are things on earth, things worth having too, that all the gold of the Indies couldn't buy.

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**POWER OF A FISHING LINE.** The little green silk lines which salmon fishers use are much stronger than one would readily imagine. Not very long ago an interesting experiment took place in Ireland. A Dr. Lewis, a keen salmon fisher, challenged a constable named Kennedy who was the local swimming champion, to a novel form of contest.

The end of the doctor's salmon line was attached to a belt which passed round the policeman's shoulders, and the battle was to last fifteen minutes.

The human fish swam out ten yards, and then the doctor brought his line and rod into play and stopped his progress; the policeman then dived, turned on his back and executed other wily tactics, but for two minutes the doctor held him where he was.

Then the angler allowed his fish to swim out for another twenty yards, when he again pulled him up. The battle was waged in this spot for eleven full minutes, the constable doing his best to swim away, but finding himself powerless. At the fourteenth minute he made a tremendous dive and the line snapped. The policeman was therefore considered the victor, but it was a very near thing.

This experiment was interesting in more ways than one. It shows us, for example, the enormous power of a large salmon, for time and again these fish will snap such a line as that which the policeman just managed to break.

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**SPORTING TERMS.** One of the most inexplicable things in connection with sport is the survival of strange and distinctive terms to describe the actions of various game. For example, if you were tramping over a meadow and a snipe rose in front of you, you would probably inform your friends afterwards that you raised a snipe, but if the keeper were within hearing he would laugh, for you ought to have said that you sprang a snipe.

Similarly you bolt a rabbit, you start a hare, you flush a woodcock, you push a pheasant and you vent an otter. The only creatures you correctly raise are partridges and grouse.

If more than one bird rises you are in a further difficulty in correctly describing the number. To use the word flock would be to admit yourself at once a novice. You speak of a wisp of snipe, an eye of pheasants, a covey of partridges and a flight of woodcock.

Similarly there is some difficulty in saying what the animal has been doing before you scared it. To say that it was lying still or hiding expresses your meaning, but not in sporting lingo. A fox kennels, a buck lodges, a hare forms, and a rabbit sits.

And when animals go love-making they utter particular sounds which have special names. A fox barks, a hare beats, and a buck groans.

Worth while remembering when you go to the country for a day's sport.

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**WRITE TO ME.** It pleases me greatly to have letters from my readers, and every one of them gets my personal attention. If you think I could assist you in any way, just drop me a line; if you want a reply, you must conform to the usual rule of enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. YOUR EDITOR.

*Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

# LORD CHILWORTH: CRIMINAL.

REMARKABLE SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By J. PRESTWICK SHEED.

## IX. THE EPISODE OF THE ESCAPE.

Our next victim was to be none other than Robert Mackenzie, the Scotch-American millionaire.

"I believe," said Chilworth, "he means well; but he works on mistaken and harmful lines. For years he has been building libraries.

"And what are they? Merely day doss-houses for loafers. I told him that in a strong letter the other day, and pointed out that he would be spending his wealth to better purpose if he clothed the half-naked children of our slums. Here is his reply."

And Chilworth drew the following brief letter from his pocket:

"Mr. Robert Mackenzie thanks Lord Chilworth for his communication, and observes that his lordship's acquaintance with such matters as extensive charity is very limited. He would suggest that his lordship should restrict his energies to the playing of polo, and the other recreations of his class."

"We shall teach him a lesson for that," said Chilworth. "I happen to know that in his Scotch castle he has at this moment a large sum in bonds payable to bearer, which he has drawn from America and intends to devote to the establishment of a dozen more libraries. We're going to have these bonds, and the kiddies will benefit."

* * * * * * *

We arrived in Aberdeen on the following morning, and it took us the best part of the day to reach the forsaken spot in which the millionaire had pitched his tent.

We knew its exact locality, for we had provided ourselves with reliable maps, so there was no occasion for us to arouse suspicion by making inquiries locally.

We waited in a roadside inn, some two miles from the castle, till darkness had fallen, and then we set forth for the completion of our mission.

When we had made our way through the wood which surrounds the place on all sides, we could see the lordly house which we were about to despoil.

Lights gleamed from some of the windows, and a piper was marching up and down in front, playing a tune which to my ears seemed both wild and soothing, and which was unquestionably in keeping with the old Highland grandeur of the mansion and its neighbourhood.

Chilworth and I listened as we stood behind a tree close to the edge of the shrubbery, and a very cold wait we had of it, I can assure you; more than once I found myself envying the piper, whose marching kept him warm.

At last he stopped his music, placed his pipes beneath his arm and disappeared round the corner of the castle. Within five minutes of his departure, every light in the building was extinguished.

"Now!" said Chilworth, catching me by the arm. "We must force an entrance at once. Everyone in the house has, I believe, gone to bed, but, if we happen to make any sound, it will be put down to some of the servants."

We crossed the strip of lawn and the stretch of gravel that separated us from the castle.

"Let us try this window," whispered Chilworth, indicating a small casement at the side of the building. "By the look of it I should imagine that it is the window of a pantry."

We found that the snib was of an antiquated pattern, and without much ado we forced it back by slipping the blade of a knife between the two sashes.

Chilworth climbed in first, and I followed closely behind him. Then we stood still and listened.

Not a sound reached our ears, nothing to show that anyone had heard the window being moved.

Chilworth stepped over to the door and turned the handle, but the key had been turned in the lock and was now on the outside; we could see the end of it when we flashed our electric torch against the keyhole.

"Think of the superior intellect that conceived the idea of fitting a lock like this to a door!" Chilworth whispered. "All we need do is take out these four screws and lift the whole thing off."

"It seems very simple," I replied, "but we must work cautiously."

"You are as nervous as a kitten to-night," he said. "One would think that we were engaged in robbing a London house fitted with all the usual burglar-preventing appliances. Buck up, man! We're in the Highlands of Scotland amongst people who never think of such intruders as ourselves, and we are perfectly safe."

"I suppose you are quite right," I replied. "It must be the wildness of the country that has got upon my nerves, but I confess to you frankly that I should prefer burgling a house where you could hear the tread of the policeman doing his beat on the pavement outside. House-breaking seems to be out of place when you apply it to a castle like this."

"You are as timid as a regular criminal," said Chilworth.

"And I am one," I replied. "I grant you that we are criminals of an unusual kind, but I have an uneasy feeling that some day we shall share the fate of all other criminals."

"You mean that we shall be caught?"

"I do," I answered. "But never mind. I am something of a fatalist, and if the thing is to be it will be."

"I know what is the matter with you," said my friend. "That glass of Scotch whisky which you had in the inn has combined with the wildness of the country to arouse your imagination. Don't be afraid, and please hand me that screwdriver."

I had in my pocket the few tools which we had considered it necessary to bring with us, one of them being a screwdriver. Chilworth was all impatience, and, taking the instrument from my hand, he set to work on the screws with such a will that within two minutes he had extracted them all. Laying them on the floor, he slipped the screwdriver behind the lock and wrenched it off.

At this moment I saw a gleam of light on the ceiling. I supposed that it proceeded from our electric lamp, but a second glance showed me that it was too large for that.

I turned to the window, and, even as I did so, the whole room was lit up. Half-a-dozen men were standing outside with stable lanterns, grinning at us.

"Quick!" cried Chilworth. "This way! We may be able to escape through the house."

He pulled open the door, but in the passage a couple of brawny constables barred our exit.

There was nothing for it but to submit with as good a grace as possible, and Chilworth whispered as much to me.

"Don't fight," he said. "It would be useless. Watch me, and make your bid for freedom when I give the signal." Then, turning to the policemen, he continued: "We are your prisoners, not from will but from force of circumstances."

As I think of them now, I cannot restrain an admiration for these two constables. Chilworth and I are both powerful men, but we were as children to our captors. They were Highland giants, and to have resorted to physical force would have been for us suicidal, especially as Mr. Mackenzie's retainers were standing ready to assist them if necessary.

"It is no part of your duty to be cruel," said Chilworth, as they slipped a pair of handcuffs upon him. "These bracelets are much too small for me; they're pinching my wrists horribly."

So they took them off and replaced them with another pair.

In the midst of it all, Mr. Mackenzie himself appeared, congratulating the constables on their capture, but cautioning them against being over proud.

"If I hadn't received word from my gamekeeper that he saw two men in the wood," he said, "and if I hadn't telephoned for you, you would not have effected the capture of these scoundrels."

He offered to send a formidable escort with us to the nearest village, but this the constables refused as being unnecessary.

They availed themselves of his offer of a conveyance, however, and Chilworth and I were presently conducted to a wagonette, where we were placed side by side, our two captors sitting opposite and the millionaire's coachman driving.

It was a wickedly cold drive—some six miles long—but eventually we reached the village and drew up outside the police station. With great importance the policemen gripped our arms, helped us to alight and led us across the pavement.

Chilworth was in front, and, just as he was about to enter the ominous building I saw him bring his heel with crashing force down upon the toes of his captor.

The man danced in agony and released his grip. Chilworth turned to run, but the policeman, recovering himself, made a grab at him. My friend sprang back, and the constable's hand fell short of its mark. I noticed that it closed on his lordship's watch chain, but that, with the watch attached, came away.

In a moment Chilworth was flying down the street. I dashed my handcuffed fists in the face of the man who held me, wrenched myself free and ran after my companion as fast as I could go.

Within a hundred yards I was level with him, and in the next hundred we had cleared the village. We waited behind a hedge till the police went past, and then Chilworth filed off my handcuffs; his own, thanks to his ruse when they were fixed, were large enough to slip off.

"This must be our last exploit," he said with a sigh. "That confounded policeman has my watch, and my name is inscribed upon it. Unless I go abroad and disappear for a while, I shall have a hornets' nest about my ears; the events of to-night are sufficient for that, but, once having my name, they will connect me with other and more damning adventures—the robbing of the police judge in particular."

I have no desire to dwell on the hardships of our return journey to Aberdeen, for we had to walk there across country, the railway and the roads being closely watched. From Aberdeen we took train to London, and from there to Southampton, where Chilworth booked a passage to America.

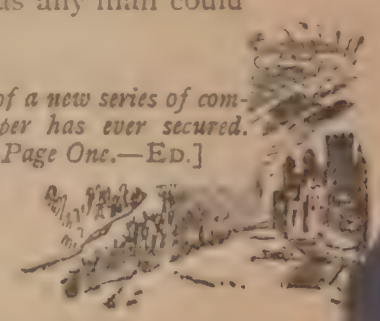
"Good-bye, dear old chap," he said, as we shook hands for the last time. "Here are a couple of cheques—they can't prevent their being cashed. One is for yourself, the other for those who look to me for help; the division of it amongst them I leave to your judgment."

The evidence against me was not so strong, and possibly I might safely have remained in England, but the land of my adoption was calling to me.

As I pen these lines in an Australian sheep run, my eyes become dim and my hand trembles, for, whatever the police think of him, I found Chilworth as staunch a friend as any man could wish to have.

THE END.

*[Next week we shall print the first of a new series of complete stories—the finest that any paper has ever secured. For fuller particulars see the notice on Page One.—ED.]*



# BUSINESS · IS · BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

*Better owe a yard of land to labour than to chance be debtor for a rood.*—J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

## RESIGNING.

In the career of every successful man there comes a time when he must resign one position in order to take up a better one.

I do not believe that it is possible to have dealings with any man without discovering some points where you believe he has treated you harshly.

Particularly does this seem true in the case of your employer. There are small points where you think he might have yielded to your wishes without any loss to himself, or where you believe that he has placed hardships on your shoulders without cause.

The question of money is the most important one, and, having failed to obtain a rise from your own chief, you answer an advertisement and secure a post to which is attached a higher salary than the one you now enjoy.

There now comes the moment when you have to intimate to your employer your determination to leave him.

I have known men under such circumstances make the announcement with a show of the keenest delight and satisfaction, and I have known others who have said to the chief all the unkind things that have been rankling in their hearts.

I admit that there is a temptation to do so, but here, as on many other occasions in business, you must resist your inclinations.

No matter what line you are in, the openings are limited and the trade, though it consists of rival firms, has a certain amount of freemasonry. If you offend your employer by the manner in which you give your resignation, he may resent it sufficiently to damage your career very seriously.

The probabilities are that he and your new chief, being engaged in the same line, are well acquainted and may even be friends in private life. They may even be connected in their business interests, for it is not an uncommon thing for firms to pretend a rivalry when they are really in close alliance. A word from your old chief may lead to your dismissal at the hands of your new one, and in any case you are burning your boats behind you so far as the first firm is concerned.

In my own line of business there are many individual firms, but only two great companies. As a young man I was fortunate enough to obtain a post with the smaller of these companies. After spending two years with them I applied to the larger and was offered a post similar to the one I then occupied but at a higher salary.

It was not a question of salary alone that prompted me to make the change. I considered it essential to my success that I should have had experience with both companies. When, therefore, I went to the managing director to resign, I simply told him that I had had a very tempting offer from Messrs. Blank, which I considered it my duty to accept. I did not tell him the amount which they offered me, because I did not want him to make my resignation difficult by offering to keep me on at the same figure.

He was not a little jealous that I should be leaving to go to this other company, and he vented his spleen by informing me that I should, if I left, never return to his service. That, however, was a matter which occasioned no anxiety. He was kind enough to add that he was sorry to lose me and wished me well. Our interview was on the whole of the most friendly character.

The fact that this was so, stood me in very good stead later on. A year after I had taken up my new post with the rival firm, circumstances arose where it would be of great profit to us to know exactly how the old firm were acting in a certain matter in which we also were concerned.

It was a question of legal liability, and we might be able to save several hundreds of pounds by finding out how the other company was acting, and by standing shoulder to shoulder with them in the matter.

My new chief, knowing that I had left in all friendliness, asked me whether I thought it possible that I could approach my previous employer regarding the point at issue. I called him up on the telephone and put the question to him boldly. His reply was that he did not care to discuss such confidential matters over the wire, but invited me to come to his office on the following day.

When I got there I found an informal meeting of directors. The sting of jealousy at my resignation had entirely vanished and they were as polite to me as possible. I explained how our interests lay, and at what points they coincided with their own, and was able to arrange an understanding with them which saved both companies a very large sum of money.

Needless to say, my own position with the new company was very greatly strengthened by this little deal. There were in the second company other men who had been trained with the first, but they had left with bitterness and it was useless to ask them to act as intermediaries.

I give this simply as an illustration of the utility of leaving good will instead of enemies behind you.

To resign without having another billet to go to is a fool's game. You may feel yourself injured and believe that your dignity demands an instant resignation, but, if you are wise, you will pocket your indignation and set about finding another post, otherwise you may suffer all the tortures of unemployment for weeks.

When it comes to the actual moment of resignation it is rather a good plan to ask your chief for his permission to resign. Of course you will take French leave if he refuses it, but the request takes off the edge of the unpleasantness, and flatters him into supposing that you are appealing to him as a personal friend who is considering your welfare before his own interests.

Above all things never leave in a temper. If you want to say nasty things write them in a letter, telling the beast your intimate and private opinions concerning him and your belief as to his future.

Then burn the letter.

## SHORTENING THE WORKING DAY.

Especially in London the length of the working day is felt by many to be irksome, for, when you add to it the time occupied in reaching home, it leaves the worker small leisure for recreation or study.

I make this suggestion for the benefit of whom it may concern. There are many businesses, especially where a small staff is employed and where office discipline is not enforced, in which the main object considered is the amount of work done. If an employee is known to be a hardworker, and if he makes the suggestion to his employer that he should be given permission to leave half-an-hour earlier at night on condition that he turns out the same amount of work during the day, the likelihood is that his request will be granted.

Failing this, he might be able to arrange that he should have half-an-hour off for lunch instead of an hour, and thus be able to leave thirty minutes earlier, and put in his full office time as well.

## PERSUASIVE POWERS.

HINTS FOR THEIR QUICK DEVELOPMENT.

The salesman, whether he is a commercial traveller or a shop assistant, must carefully train his powers of persuasion if he is to rise above the throng.

The best and quickest way is to study the methods of others whose business is to persuade people. I don't want you to study other salesmen, more than in passing, for, if you base your system on theirs, it will be at best but a copy instead of being a masterpiece.

I was chatting the other evening with Harry Lauder, who is now our foremost comedian, and he confessed to me that he had learnt most of his art from a careful study of the lesser lights of the music hall profession. The great stars have methods of their own which cannot be adopted by others. The minor members of the profession, on the other hand, have no methods but many faults, and it is by a careful study of these faults that Lauder has grasped the essential elements of his business.

I mention this by the way, for the stage and salesmanship have little in common; but I suggest that the salesman should hie him to the market place on a Saturday night and listen to the cheap jacks just as Lauder listens to the bad artistes.

Unlike the latter, however, the cheap jacks have more merits than faults. Their audience is attentive and ever ready to trip them up should the opportunity occur.

If they tell an obvious falsehood, they will at once be greeted by derisive laughter; if they lack vigour, they will soon have no audience at all; if their persuasive powers are weak, they will sell very little. The cheap jack is generally vulgar in voice, appearance and manner, but if you eliminate these faults you will find many points in which he might well be copied.

I advise you also to attend political meetings.

You have, of course, a prejudice for one party or another. Let the meetings chosen at first be those at which the views of your own party are to be expounded; you will thus receive an education in those principles which you profess to believe, and your prejudices will be more firmly rooted than ever.

When you have become a red hot Radical, let us say, it will then be time for you to attend a Conservative meeting. Listen to the speakers attentively and observe those arguments with which they almost sway you from your allegiance to Radicalism. Note carefully the gestures and the voice of the speaker who is thus powerful enough to break down your prejudices and antagonism, though it may only be temporarily.

Study his arguments, the subtle way in which he led up to a point, developed it and passed it, and finally when he had reduced his audience to a state of neutrality how he dropped argument altogether and confined himself to playing on their emotions alone. There is much useful information for the salesman here.

In all reverence I believe that the best of our clergymen would make excellent salesmen.

They are placed in a position of traditional respect, and their audiences are predisposed to accept any assertion they make; yet in these days they know that they have to combat much scepticism, and in most cases they use arguments as well as gentle persuasion.

In our best churches, therefore, the salesman will find much to educate him in his own art.

It is essential that a salesman should be able to answer promptly any objection made by a possible customer.

Nothing will help to do this better than a thorough training in a debating society.

The smaller the society the better, for his confidence will be the greater. When he discovers that he can beat any speaker in one society, let him join another and more important one, where he may find adversaries worthy of his steel. Readiness, argument and persuasiveness will thus be developed by gradual steps.

C. ATTREE.

# Sprinting

*Teach me speed.*—KING JOHN.

Sprinting has this peculiar and particular fascination: you never know till you start how good a sprinter you are. It is a notorious fact that in running clubs the oldest and most expert members are not infrequently beaten hollow by a man who has worn a pair of spike shoes only half-a-dozen times in his life.

To the novice who thus finds himself unexpectedly an adept at this branch of athletics, let me utter a timely warning. In sprinting you exert yourself for a brief period up to the limit of your powers, and for that reason sprinting is the most trying of all exercises upon the heart.

Let the novice who thinks of taking up sprinting seriously, have himself medically examined at the outset. If his heart is weak, he must content himself with long-distance and cross-country running, which will in time improve it. If the organ is declared sound, he can enjoy his sprinting with additional confidence.

**FITTING THE SHOES.**

Apart from the man, the chief consideration is his shoes. They are of two kinds, good and bad, and the former are not easy to obtain. A spike shoe for sprinting must fit the foot exactly; looseness and tightness are alike to be avoided. Cheap shoes are very apt to stretch. Paying a good price for your shoes is to some extent a safeguard, but a better plan is to get them at some shop which the other members of your club have found to stock the right kind.

It must be remembered that the spike shoe is worn without a sock, a thin toecap of chamois leather being all that comes between the foot and the shoe. I have known men fit on spike shoes over ordinary socks and then wonder why they did not get a good fit. Take your chamois toecap to the shop with you, and let it be all that is on your foot when you try on the shoe.

**CARE OF THE SPIKES.**

The shoes themselves must be properly cared for. After each run the spikes should be cleaned and examined, and, if it is found that the point of one of them has been turned by contact with a pebble, it must be straightened out and sharpened, or another spike put in. A spike with a turned point catches in the ground and retards your pace to a remarkable degree.

See to it also that you do not run in shoes where the spike plates have become loose. A loose plate may not only lose you a race but cripple you as well.

Such an apparent trifle as a broken shoe-lace will effectually spoil your chances in a race. Prevent such an accident by tying your shoes with whipcord instead of with the usual mohair laces supplied for the purpose.

Allowing for natural gift, probably the chief thing in sprinting is to get a good start. Teach yourself to start not at the sound of the pistol but at the flash of it.

Races are always timed from the flash, and, if you are lined up furthest from the starter, you will in this way save a considerable fraction of a second, for the report of the pistol takes some time to reach your ear. If you have ever witnessed a race, you will have observed that the runners appear to start before the pistol is actually fired. This is because the report reaches them before it does you.

Duffey has admitted that even in practice sprints he always gets a friend to fire a pistol for him when possible. You are waiting for the flash and, when you see it, your brain sends a telegraphic message to your muscles to start, but in most cases this message takes an appreciable time to traverse the intervening nerves. This time can, however, be greatly reduced by constant practice, and, as every fraction of a second counts in a sprint race, the practice is well worth while.

The only way to learn a quick start is to practise with a pistol, so that you may be accustomed to actual racing conditions.

**INSIDE ADVANTAGES.**

Another precaution in running a race is to keep well to the inside of the track, for the distance is considerably less than you would have to cover making a wider circuit. For this reason it is, in a sprint of any length, usually advisable to make a vigorous dash for the first fifty yards in order to get a position as near inside as you can. When you have secured this, however, you must be careful not to get closed in.

To increase your pace, practise against other runners. If they are hopelessly inferior to you, give them a long start, always arranging matters so that you have to exert yourself to the utmost to pass them before the tape is reached.

The most convenient time for the average sprinter to practise is in the evening, and it is probably the best time too, for just then our vitality is highest. Three evenings a week on the track give you practice enough, and on these days you take your heaviest meal at mid-day, for you cannot expect to do well running on a heavy late dinner.

On the other evenings you should go in either for long distance running or for walking, in order to increase your staying power. Lack of stamina accounts for most of the collapses that one so frequently sees after a sprint race. Possessing it, you can save yourself in a middle distance sprint right up to the last quarter of the course, and are thus fresh to make your supreme effort during the concluding fifty or sixty yards.

**PREPARING FOR A RACE.**

Stamina also accounts for much in that hardest of all sprint races the quarter mile, where it is a burst for the whole distance and there can be no taking it easy.

In preparing for an important race, have yourself well but lightly rubbed down before you leave the dressing-room. Then trot briskly towards the starting point, and finish at top speed for the last twenty yards or so. Only in this way is it possible to do at the race the best that is in you.

Adopting this method, you have undergone the warming-up process beforehand, and are not obliged to waste time in getting your muscles to their best condition during the race itself.

Just one more hint. However much you may seem to have the race in hand, always finish it sharply. Particularly on a grass track, it is difficult to know how far behind you the next man is, and if you slacken at the finishing tape he may be past you before you are aware of it.

With practice, courage, natural gift and a consideration of these hints—the fruit of experience—you may some day be able to do the 100 yards in the coveted $9\frac{2}{5}$ seconds. F. R. LAWSON.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

*The Editor is at all times happy to consider suitable articles and stories; they must have go and dash about them—the type used in the old-fashioned weeklies is of no use for* THE MODERN MAN.

*An offer is promptly made for approved contributions, and on acceptance of this by the author, payment is forwarded immediately.*

*No manuscript can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed; the Editor accepts no responsibility for accidental loss.*

*Address all manuscripts to The Editor,* THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

## GOLF STORIES.

### SOME TALES OF THE LINKS.

On Sunday mornings, up till nine o'clock, the streets of London are deserted. Taking advantage of this fact, a couple of golfers recently arranged a match, the time of starting being six o'clock in the morning.

The sum at stake was £10, and the conditions were that the competitors should tee up at Ludgate Circus and hole out in the fountain in Trafalgar Square.

The winner accomplished this in 122 strokes, but his satisfaction was considerably damped by the fact that he had to pay out rather more than his winnings amounted to in compensating those whose windows he had smashed on the way.

When James Braid was playing for the Open Championship at St. Andrews, he had the bad luck to send his ball on to the railway line, where it rested snugly against the inner side of one of the metals. A train was due at the moment, but the game was at a critical stage and Braid would not wait.

Scrambling through the fence, he endeavoured to play the ball, but he had not dislodged it when the train hove in sight. Amidst the warning cries of the spectators he made a second attempt, this time succeeding in getting the ball back to the green. Finally, as all golfers know, he won the event.

On the same links another ball was played under exceptional circumstances. An Edinburgh lawyer was taking part in a three-ball match, when he had the misfortune of sending his ball into an empty water butt. As it was obviously impossible to play the ball as it rested at the bottom of the barrel, the other two considered that he had given up the hole, and they were about to proceed with the match, but they had neglected to take into account the professionally sharpened faculties of the man of law.

Perceiving that there was a pump attached to the barrel, he set to work on the lever, never stopping till the butt was full of water, on the surface of which floated the ball. From this unusual position he played it, and his well-trained powers of argument succeeded in convincing his friends that the ball had not been technically moved.

Players on the Chingford course tell an extraordinary tale of a ball's escapades. Its owner had just made a hard drive when he discovered to his horror that he had sent his ball straight towards a cab which was passing along the public road. The windows of the vehicle had both been lowered, and the ball passed in at the near one and out at the other without doing any damage.

As the gentleman inside the cab was himself a golfer, there was not even a demand for compensation for shock and shattered nerves.

Not very long ago a doctor killed a swallow with a golf ball. It happened on the Rodway Hill links; the player had just driven a low ball from the tenth tee and was watching its flight, when he saw it catch a swallow on the wing. The bird was instantly killed.

This incident is the more remarkable in view of the fact that only a few months previously another player killed a thrush on the same links and he also was driving from the tenth tee.

Some idea of the enormous force of a golf ball in full flight may be gathered from the exploit of a player on the Balgownie links near Aberdeen.

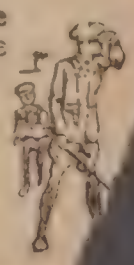
In his drive from the sixth tee, he struck a sheep which was grazing on the course.

The ball was hard driven and hit the animal fairly and squarely between the ears, and it dropped dead without so much as a kick.

It would have been interesting to know whether or not he was legally liable for damages, but, fortunately for the owner of the sheep, and unfortunately for the Scotch lawyers, the sportsman paid up like a sportsman.

It is said that he ate with great zest the mutton which he had killed, and for which he had paid rather more than the market price.

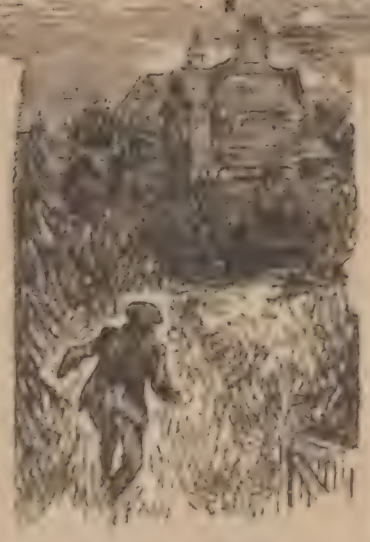
T. CRAWFORD.



# THE DOCTOR'S TAKING OFF.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By MARCUS TWYFORD.



He was unconscious when the doctor's orderlies found him, but by the time the doctor himself arrived Private Baxter opened his eyes, looked about him and staggered to his feet.

There were others to attend to, so Baxter returned to join his Company without seeking assistance, but, however willing the spirit might be, the flesh was weak from that bayonet wound.

It was a decisive fight—one could scarcely call it a battle—and the tribesmen had sent in a messenger immediately after it with their humble submission.

Baxter had been rushing the hill with the others when an old fashioned rifle with a bayonet stuck into the muzzle was suddenly thrust from behind a rock; he had felt a tingling above his ear and had dropped to the ground unconscious.

As he returned to the base he felt the tingling once more, and by the time he reached the spot where his Company was forming up, he could scarcely stand on his feet.

The roll was called, the names of the missing noted, and the men dispersed to remove the stains of battle.

A bit of mirror showed Baxter that his head was in rather a bad condition. Above the left ear the hair was bedraggled with blood, and he could feel with his fingers that there was an actual hole where the point of the bayonet had entered.

While he was bathing his head his sergeant came along and made a brief examination of the wound.

"You must see the doctor about this at once," he said, and Baxter went off to the hospital tent.

There he found Captain Maynard, the regimental surgeon, who had now returned after attending to the wounded.

"Well, my man," said the doctor, "what's the matter with you?"

Baxter explained briefly how he had got a bayonet wound in his head.

"I'm not God," said Maynard. "How do you expect I can cure you? There's some plaster. Stick it on for yourself."

And so Baxter took some sticking plaster and dressed the wound as best he could.

But a head wound is not an easy thing to heal—especially when there is a fragment of bone trying to find its way into the brain, and that in hot weather. And so the medical efforts of Baxter were not conspicuously successful.

The wound suppurated and, particularly when the sun shone, Baxter's head ached, and he saw strange things that he had never seen before.

The other men too saw strange things in Baxter.

He had once been the model of his Company; now he was careless, even to neglect. More than once he seemed extremely likely to get into trouble, but Lieutenant Barclay remembered the man he had once been and succeeded in smoothing things over.

The punitive expedition had done its work, and presently it returned to Calcutta. By this time the skin had healed over the wound in Baxter's head, but the strange visions which he had in the beginning now became permanent institutions.

He was going mad if he was not mad already, and he knew that this was the direct result of the wound.

It had not hurt him much at first and so, he argued—for his brain was still clear enough for arguing — the wound would not have had serious results has it been properly attended to at first; therefore, as he began to feel the burden of madness upon him, his resentment against Surgeon Maynard grew.

One day he met Maynard at the back of the barracks.

The sun was strong that day and his head ached more than usual. He was not the figure of a man that he had been, and he fancied that as Maynard passed him he could detect a sneer of contempt in his face. Seeing this, or imagining it, he stepped up to the surgeon and struck him between the eyes.

Maynard fell, and lay unconscious for a bit, and Baxter stood over him, looking at him and smiling. There was in his face not a trace of pity for his fallen foe.

His arrest followed as a matter of course, but the night before the court-martial Lieutenant Barclay came quietly into the guard-room, told Baxter that he had bribed the sentries and that he might safely make off, told him where he would get a steamer to take him back to England and slipped a note for £20 into his hand.

For the lieutenant remembered the man Baxter had once been.

Baxter accepted the chance. He did not say much, because he was unwilling to turn his head round, for his eyes were watering.

* * * * * * *

When Baxter returned to England his condition was worse than that of the ordinary ex-soldier—and so it was bad enough.

None of the usual jobs were open to him, what was left of the lieutenant's money after the paying of his passage soon dwindled away, and so Baxter drifted home to his native village.

Those who might have done something for him had either left the place or were dead, and the problem of keeping body and soul together became a bitter one.

Sometimes he managed to get a few days' work in the market garden, but the gardener would only pay him half what other labourers got, for anyone could see that Baxter was mad, and, though he worked as hard as any man, the gardener turned his servant's misfortune into his own gain.

Sometimes he would go errands for the village newsagent to the railway station, earning a penny or a halfpenny each time according to the generosity of the merchant.

His expenses were small, for, not being in regular employment, he had no lodgings. Sometimes he slept under the hedge that bordered the market garden. When it was very cold he slept in the stable of an old man who had a soldier son himself.

Baxter was the village idiot.

Swarms of bees clustered in front of his eyes. He would clutch at them with his hands, but he could never catch them, and in a moment they were back again. Only he saw these bees.

The children liked him, for he was harmless, and sometimes he would tell the boys of the things he had seen abroad, but even in the midst of the most thrilling adventures the bees would come to harass him.

And so for some years he lived as a village character.

He was not sufficiently mad to be unconscious of his malady. He knew that he was different from other people, and, what was still more disquieting, he recollected the cause of the difference.

He could never banish from his mind the thought of the man he was before that bayonet wound, nor could he forget the neglect that had allowed that wound to fester till it had stolen his senses away.

When he thought of these things Baxter's eyes would shine with fury, and the bees would buzz before him with mocking insistency.

But even in his madness he had one comforting thought. Many people had been kind to him when he was sane, but their kindness had left his recollection. Since his misfortune he had known but one friend, Lieutenant Barclay, and he began to worship the memory of his late superior as if he were more than human.

These were the dominant thoughts that roved across his fuddled intellect—his hatred of the surgeon and his worship of the lieutenant. Thinking of them, he never felt solitary.

One day he heard that a big house on the borders of the village, which had been standing empty for some years, was about to be occupied by a Mr. Maynard.

He wanted to make inquiries of the house-agent, but he knew that he would only be laughed at, and so he asked questions here and there subtly, until at length he found out that the new occupant of the big house was indeed his old enemy.

Baxter was now possessed of a devilish energy.

In the market garden he could cut as many cabbages in twenty minutes as any other man could in an hour. When the newsagent sent him to the station, he would run all the way.

And yet it was not love of the work that prompted this activity. It was the thought that soon his enemy and he might be face to face.

Daily—often a dozen times a day—he went to the house to watch.

One morning he saw the furniture vans standing before the big house, and three days later he learnt that Surgeon Maynard and his family were in residence.

Then he stole back to the market garden and worked harder than ever—digging ground that did not need it; dashing here and there, carrying heavy things that did not need removal, doing anything to keep himself from thinking, for, now that the opportunity of gratifying his long-cherished desire was at his hand, he could not bring himself to carry out his scheme at once. The thought of doing it was so exquisite that he must enjoy the deed for a while in anticipation.

For many days he had been busily engaged in sharpening an old table knife till its edge was like a razor and its point like a needle.

He nursed the weapon in the breast of his tattered coat, and hugged it the closer to him when the bees appeared before his eyes.

Then he nerved himself to do what he had planned so long.

One night he stole towards the big house, smashed a pantry window, and flung himself across the sill.

There was no need for stealth or quietness, for he had but one thing to do and, when that was finished, it mattered little what happened to him.

He rushed upstairs and flung open a bedroom door, but the room was, as he could see, a nursery and its occupants were children, two sleeping soundly, one sitting up in bed in affright.

So he closed the door and opened another.

In the bed the figure of a man was stretched. Never in all his years of sanity had Baxter known such a supreme joy as now was his.

He drew the knife from his bosom, tried its edge on the palm of his hand, stepped across to the sleeper and plunged it with deliberation and certainty into his heart.

There was a groan, but the sleeper never awakened.

Then with a sigh of satisfaction Baxter placed the knife against the edge of the bed, and threw himself upon its point.

Next moment the door opened and Surgeon Maynard entered the room.

"Barclay," he cried, "Barclay, what has happened? Why don't you speak? Are you hurt?"

He stepped across to the bed where the two dead men were lying. In a moment he had lit the gas to examine them more closely.

"Good God!" he said. "It's Baxter, who went mad over that wound he got amongst the Afridis. He has killed the man who helped him to escape being court-martialled for striking me."

# My Leapers

BY A HEART-WHOLE SWAIN.

It is pleasant to think that the year is now closing and that I shall not be further molested by leap-year maidens.

The first one was Miss Polly Blake. She sings soprano in our village choir, and would have made a very excellent female Hercules. She is enormously stout that the dressmaker always charges her double price.

I had never taken any particular notice of her, and I had no idea how she regarded me till one night as I left the church I found her waiting on the pavement outside.

I just raised my hat and said "Good night, Miss Blake," but to my surprise she took up her position beside me, and walked along with me, taking one step for every two of mine, for I was not formed in a generous mould.

**BREAKING THE ICE.**

"It's a beautiful night, Mr. Spiggs," she said.

"It is indeed," I replied innocently.

"It's the sort of night that makes one feel romantic," she continued. "When the moon shines like this, I begin to see the emptiness and triviality of all things except love. Do you ever feel like that, Mr. Spiggs?"

I told her that I had once felt very queer after smoking a bad cigar, but everything at that moment had seemed rotten, including love.

"Ah!" she said. "You jest, but I like a merry heart. Together you and I might go through life, laughing on and on and on and on."

I looked up at her to see if she really meant it. She was beaming upon me in a manner there could be no mistaking, and as soon as our eyes met she placed her arm about my neck and drew me towards her with the irresistible force of a steam crane.

"Hubert dear," she said, "I am sure you and I were made for one another. Will you be my husband?"

**ESCAPED.**

"Give me a little time to think it over," I replied.

We walked along in silence, Miss Blake tickling my off ear with the loose tip of her glove, and muttering something about "Itsies and bitsies."

Presently we came alongside the football field, which is divided from the roadway by a wooden fence. Some little boys had pulled down one board of this fence so as to get in to see the match without paying.

When we were directly opposite this hole, I wrenched myself from her grasp with a supreme effort and scrambled through the fence. I have already suggested that my physique is more like that of Little Tich than of Hackenschmidt, and I scrambled through.

For her to follow me was just as possible as for an elephant to make its way into a dovecote.

"Miss Blake," I said, "I am extremely sorry to hurt your feelings, but it's no blooming good. You can't have me."

The woman's face became purple with rage. "You little imp!" she said. "I wouldn't have you as a gift. A man who would run away through a paling like that and leave a poor defenceless girl all alone, is not worthy of the honour of being my husband. That for you, sir!" she added, snapping her fingers and vanishing into the night.

My second adventure of the kind happened one evening as I was returning from a billiard tournament. I was walking quickly home, when I beheld a beautiful maiden leaning against a lamp post and sobbing as if her heart would break.

**A MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.**

"Fair maid," I said, "wherefore weepest thou?"

"Ah, kind stranger," she replied, "I weep because I have no one to love; no one to call me their own, no one to buy bad chocolates for me, and no one to introduce me to the Emperor of the Sahara."

She was a very attractive young woman, and I ventured to ask whether I might offer her consolation.

"You!" she replied. "Can fate have been so kind to me? You, an Apollo in form, and a Hayden Coffin in face! I should indeed be delighted."

I asked her where she lived, but she seemed to be rather uncertain and simply informed me that it was along there. And so we went along, my arm around her willowy waist, and my eyes turned longingly to her dark orbs, which burned with the very intensity of love-light.

"I have £10,000 a year from my sugar plantation in Norway," she said, "and £5,000 a year from the King of Siam, so long as I don't tell the world I am related to him. Will you be mine?" she suddenly exclaimed.

"I will," I replied, for it was a chance not to be missed.

Just as we had plighted our troth, we heard the sound of hurrying footsteps behind us, and two men came alongside.

**HER HOBBY.**

The rest of this incident must be briefly described, for it was extremely painful to me. They explained that they were attendants at a neighbouring asylum and that she was a lunatic who had escaped. Her chief weakness was to make love to every man she met.

"I suppose she's been practising on you," said one of the men, with a nasty laugh. "I wonder what her hubby and her five children would say if they heard about it!"

And with that they led her away. My discomfiture was complete when I observed that she had placed her left arm round the waist of one of the men and was tickling the other's chin.

My third, and I hope my last, adventure of the kind was with a lady who had struck up an acquaintance with my sister Jane. Jane informed me that Miss Tred wanted to make my acquaintance and invited me to attend a musical party at her house.

Next night I duly presented myself, but to my astonishment discovered that I was the only guest, and that she had even given her servants a day off.

"You and I shall supply the music," she said in answer to my look of inquiry. "Yes, the music, the perfect harmony of idyllic love."

**UNMASKED.**

This was all right, so without loss of time we seated ourselves on the window seat and I began to whisper sweet nothings in her ear and to stroke her hair with my hand. Unfortunately, however, I was wearing a ring at the time, and one of her locks became entangled in it, with the result that to my horror I discovered I had pulled off her crowning glory and left her with a head like a billiard ball.

"Arabella Tred," I said, "I could never marry a woman with a wig."

At this she bridled up. "Mr. Spiggs, sir," she said, "if I had no defects do you think I would offer myself to such a person as you? No, sir! Get out of this house—or I'll throw my wooden leg at you."

ARCHIBALD CLEAVER.

# NATURE'S COVERING.

## HOW TO DEAL WITH THE HAIR.

Few can have failed to observe the superiority of the navvy's hair over that of the gentleman of leisure.

Some have suggested that the navvy's luxuriant locks are a result of his neglect of them; he has never worried his scalp with too much brushing, nor has he experimented upon it with the many nostrums advised by the hair-dressers. I am inclined to think however that the condition of his hair is merely an outcome of his general physical fitness.

In the course of my practice I have from time to time been consulted by patients whose hair was taking unto itself wings, and in almost every case I have found the trouble to lie in a generally low condition of health.

When I have built this up by plenty of outdoor exercise and sound diet, the hair in most cases has become healthy also.

But there are undoubtedly many instances of men suffering from falling or scurfy hair even though their general health is normal. This is due to various local causes, chief amongst them the bowler hat.

With the silk hat there is a fair amount of air circulating above the head, and experiments have shown that under the topper the head is comparatively cool. With the low crowned felt hat, however, we place on the head a chamber of heated air which makes a happy hunting ground for microbes.

I am not going to advocate the no hat policy, but I do suggest that those whose hair is unsatisfactory should avoid wearing hats whenever possible. A ride on the top of a 'bus with your hat off is very stimulating to the hair and will do you no harm.

Dandruff is the commonest hair trouble. It is of two kinds, each demanding different treatment.

Dry dandruff is the name given to that condition of the scalp when tiny particles of it drop off in scales and appear amongst the hair. It can be remedied almost immediately by a sparing application of some pure grease, such, for example, as olive oil.

The other kind is greasy dandruff, which is due to over-secretion in the scalp. This must be corrected by frequent washing with plenty of soap, and by a dressing of some astringent tonic, a mixture of cold tea and scent being as good as anything.

The dressing must be adapted to the needs of the individual. Those sold by barbers are generally coloured water, but the advertised tonics are all more or less good. For many people, however, they are too dry, and they should consequently be mixed either with oil or lime cream before being applied to the hair. A little of each squirted into the palm of the hand and mixed immediately before rubbing in is the best way of dealing with it.

Paraffin, by the way, is one of the quickest hair restorers I know. Care must be taken in using it owing to its inflammable character, and it is scarcely necessary to say that it must be applied sparingly, for the smell is vicious.

One of the commonest causes of baldness is a disease called alopæcia areata which is highly contagious and is generally transmitted by means of the barber's head-rest or comb.

I make it a practice always to wash my hair with carbolic soap after having it cut, as this prevents all danger of infection.

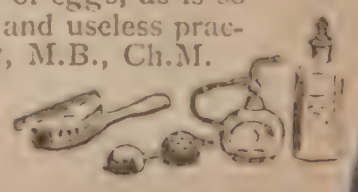
Many barbers have a roll of paper fixed to the head-rests of their chairs, so that each customer lays his head on a fresh piece of paper. Even so, the precaution of washing afterwards is advisable.

Washing should always be done with some good ordinary soap.

If the hair is treated with a proper dressing afterwards any undue dryness resulting from the washing will be corrected.

To wash the head with yolks of eggs, as is so often recommended, is a filthy and useless practice.

E. L. ROBERTSON, M.B., Ch.M.



# MY FELLOW GUEST.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By S. WILSON CLEGHORN.

The transaction of my business at Yeovil occupied more time than I had calculated upon, and it was not till late in the evening that I found myself and my belongings in a train bound for Dorchester.

I am scarcely likely to forget that night for many reasons, and amongst them the exceptional roughness of the weather. The wind was blowing a gale from the west and the rain lashed against the window of my carriage as the train sped through the darkness. It was bitterly cold too, even for December, and I was thankful when we finally drew up in Dorchester station.

Immediately on arriving I could see that something exceptional was going on in this quiet little country town. Farmers of every age were flocking to catch the last trains home, and on inquiring of my cabman I elicited the information that the great fat stock show had been held that day, and had been attended by buyers from London and many other towns in the south of England, by exhibitors and by sightseers.

I did not consider that this information was likely to affect me in any way personally, but I learnt my error on reaching the hotel which I usually favour with my patronage when I spend a night in Dorchester. The landlord met me in the entrance hall with a long face.

"I am afraid," he said, "that it is impossible for us to put you up."

I was somewhat taken aback at this information, and asked him if he knew whether any of the other hotels had accommodation.

"That is just where the trouble is," he replied. "I happen to know that they are just as full as we are, for several people have come here after being turned away from other places."

"I put myself absolutely in your hands," I said. "You see the fix I am in. Had it been possible I should have arrived here several hours ago, but, things being as they are, I must count on your doing what you can for me, for, as you know, I am an old customer."

"Well," he said, "there is one bed you can have, but I must impose a rather unusual condition if you occupy it. There is another bed in the same room, a four-poster. You will find that the curtains of this are closely drawn, and, if you are to occupy the other bed, I must ask you to promise that you will not look inside these curtains."

I am no reader of riddles, and I could not even hazard a guess as to his purpose in making this strange request, but I was very tired, and had to be astir early on the following morning; so I gave him the promise he asked for and, after I had some supper, he showed me to my room.

In spite of the coldness of the night the atmosphere of the room was stuffy, so I opened the upper sash of the window, and the storm raging outside sent the curtains flying inwards and set the gas flickering, while the window itself shook as if every moment it would be blown into the room.

I could not help wondering what was inside that four-poster bed. All sorts of weird fancies presented themselves, and at last I conceived the ludicrous notion that it might perhaps be an old lady who would be indescribably shocked to discover that her fellow guest was a man. I was glad this thought occurred to me, for it banished less pleasant ones.

In case my fellow guest should really be a lady, I turned out the gas before I began undressing, and, when I had finished that operation, I raised the sash of the window till it was open only a couple of inches, for the rain was blowing in. Then I tumbled into bed, and in a few moments I was fast asleep.

How long I had been sleeping I do not know, nor have I any idea as to what it was that woke me, but awaken I did and that with a start and an uncomfortable feeling that I was slowly being smothered, but I seemed to be absolutely incapable of making any effort to rise.

The window was rattling in its frame and the wind was screeching in the chimney. The reflection of a street lamp had been visible on the ceiling of my room when I turned in, and, as this had now disappeared, I concluded that it must be well past midnight and that the lamp lighter had extinguished it.

I observed these things, and I was also conscious of a peculiar smell which seemed strangely familiar. I tried to pull my hand from beneath the bed clothes in order to rub my eyes, but I discovered to my amazement that my muscles were powerless and that I could not move hand or foot.

Then the horror of my situation came to me in all its force, for I now perceived the exact nature of the smell. It was gas, and the room seemed to be full of it.

I felt an almost overpowering desire to drop off to sleep again, but I knew that this would prove fatal, for I could perceive that I was already more than half asphyxiated, and if I did not immediately rouse myself it was highly improbable that I should ever be able to do so.

I brought the whole force of my will to bear, but I could not move, and the sweat came out in cold beads upon my forehead.

I have read of men facing death on the battlefield; but I do not believe they ever suffer such mental torture as I did then.

By what vagary of the wind it happened, I do not know, but, just as I was about to give up the struggle as hopeless, a gust of fresh night air swept across me. Its effect was magical, and I seemed to regain some sort of use of my limbs. Making a supreme effort, I threw myself out of bed, crawled across the floor to the window, raised the sash and drank in the fresh air, heedless of the rain that came pelting upon my head as I did so.

After I had been at the window for some little time, my faculties returned completely, but I knew that it would be unsafe to go to bed unless I could discover the leak and stop it up. To strike a match was out of the question, so I made a circuit of the room, sniffing as I went.

The stench seemed to be strongest when I approached the four-poster, and I became convinced at length that the gas must indeed be escaping from some pipe concealed behind it.

I had promised not to look inside the curtains, but I did not hold that I had pledged myself not to explore beneath the bed; I therefore made my way underneath the ponderous structure and felt carefully along the wall, where I discovered that a wooden panel ran up and down the plaster. Here the smell seemed to be stronger than anywhere else, and so I concluded that behind the panel must be the leaking pipe.

Creeping from beneath the bed I reviewed the matter in its entirety. If I left that leak unstopped I could not safely go to bed again; if I could only open that panel I might be able to plug the leak and secure my night's rest.

Many such panels are hinged, and if such were the case in this instance I should be able to open it without much trouble, for the bed stood about six inches back from it. To do this it would be necessary to scramble through the bed itself.

At this thought another presented itself: if there were any living person in that bed it was my duty to throw convention to the winds and to see whether or not they also had been overcome by the gas. I considered therefore that circumstances had effectively freed me from the pledge I had given.

Drawing aside the curtains I peered into the bed.

If I live to be a hundred I am not likely to forget the sight that met my eyes. Stark and stiff on the bed lay the body of a middle-aged man. That it was not the gas that had killed him was evidenced by the fact that his chin was bandaged up, and a penny lay on each eye.

I am not a man who is readily moved, but I confess that my discovery, coming as it did on top of my being almost suffocated, proved too much for me. I would not have crossed that bed to find the panel if you had offered me a king's ransom. My night's rest was now out of the question, so I tugged at the bell and waited patiently for someone to answer it.

My summons was answered by the landlord in person, and I felt very much like upbraiding him soundly for having allowed me to share a room with a corpse as a fellow guest. He on his part looked at me as if he resented my breaking my promise, but the smell of gas showed him that there was a present danger which demanded attention, and a moment later he had hurried to the meter and turned off the supply of the whole of the house.

The atmosphere then cleared, but it was, of course, impossible for me to return to bed. I betook myself to the smoking-room, where over a stiff glass of whisky I invited the landlord to explain how he came to have a dead body in his hotel.

"It is the most remarkable thing I have ever come across," he said. "The gentleman came here the day before yesterday. He seemed to be in perfect health, but in the morning we found him dead. The doctor can offer no explanation as to the cause of death. He says there is not a mark on the body nor are there any symptoms of poison or disease.

"The inquest is to be held to-day, and the body had to remain in the hotel till that has taken place.

"The terrible feature of the case is that this is the third man who has died in that room, and never has any satisfactory theory been evolved as to the cause of death."

It was noon next day till the mystery was solved. Plumbers, who were summoned to remove the panel and deal with the leakage, announced a state of affairs that threw a new light upon matters. It appeared that the hot water pipes supplying one of the hotel bathrooms ran behind this panel alongside a lead gas pipe. This pipe had been split up and down for several inches, and the tradesmen gave as a probable explanation the expansion and contraction due to the proximity of the hot water pipe which was often at boiling temperature.

The gas pipe lay close to the water pipe, and, when the latter expanded on being heated, it pressed so closely against the gas pipe that the leakage became scarcely perceptible. When, however, the boiler fire was put out and the pipe became cold, it contracted and left the slit in the gas pipe open and ready to play havoc.

The room had for some time apparently been a death trap, being filled with gas fumes at night when the fires were out, all traces of the escape being removed as soon as these fires were lit again in the early morning.

I was summoned as a witness at the inquest and the coroner thanked me for my evidence, asserting that it was the means of explaining the succession of deaths which had proved inexplicably mysterious, and my old friend the proprietor extended to me an invitation to command his house at all times without payment, for he considered I had been the means of removing a very uncomfortable slur upon his reputation as a guardian of the public.

I suppose I was the means, though assuredly not the willing means.

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"*The Modern Physician* ought to be in every household in the land, and it is certainly no fault of yours should it not be so; for the price at which it is published is reasonable, and the terms of subscription exceptionally easy."

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# FREE THEATRE SEATS.

BY A LONDON MANAGER.

The people to whom we give free seats are for the most part those whom we can't afford to offend. The public know pretty well that such is our general rule, and we have endless applications from people who claim to belong to the class whose good opinion it is our policy to court.

We have to give free passes to newspaper critics, because the notices they write about the play have much to do with its success, and we consider that by such notices we receive good value for the seats their writers occupy.

Few theatres or music halls dare deny a seat even to journalists on the staff of a weekly or monthly magazine which never deals with the drama at all. It is impossible that they could give us any sort of advertisement in return, and the matter resolves itself simply into blackmail; we daren't refuse them in case they might be the friends of some critic and so damage us indirectly.

In the offices of the more respectable papers there is a general rule forbidding the staff to visit theatres on the strength of their cards, but it is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Mr. Scribbles of "Snippity Bits" presents his pasteboard some evening and it is not possible to telephone his editor to ask whether he has permission to thus use his official position, for by theatre time all the weekly paper offices are shut, and so Mr. Scribbles is shown to a comfortable stall, as also is the young lady friend whom he has brought with him.

We can't know all the journalists in London and we must take a man as belonging to the fraternity if he shows us a card with the name of a paper on it. Whether he really is on the staff, or whether he borrowed the card or had fifty of them printed at a while-you-wait shop, are problems we can't investigate, for, if we suspended him without cause, we might be giving offence where we don't want to.

I remember once a dapper young man presented a newspaper card to our box-office keeper, by whom he was referred to me. I observed in his conversation many slips in grammar such as would not be tolerated on any paper, and my suspicions were aroused. He alleged that his paper was the "Daily Vampire," so I determined to apply a simple test.

"Delighted!" I said. "Let me get you a seat beside Mr. Smith, your regular critic, who is now in the stalls."

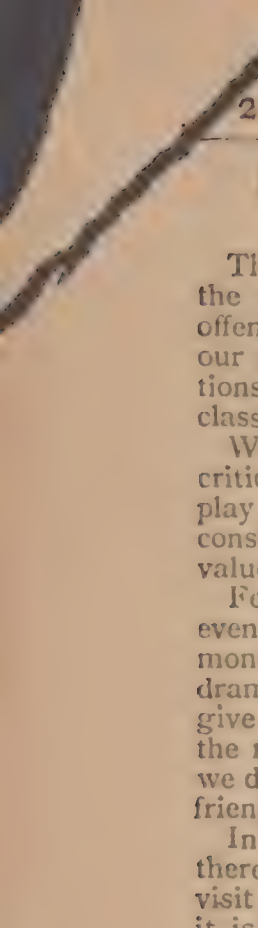
Smith of the "Vampire" wasn't really there, but the little deceit acted like magic, for the impostor at once began to stammer that he had forgotten something which he must go and fetch. He never returned.

We make it a rule that no actor or actress shall be refused free admission, and sometimes our good nature in this respect is sadly imposed upon.

Actors who have been out of work for months and who are never likely to get a "shop" again, present themselves at our box-office with the air of lordly patrons; so also do one-time chorus girls, and it is impossible for us to weed out the impostors.

Every morning I have to deal with at least a dozen applications from people who want to see the show for nothing. One man is a barber who has shaved certain members of the company, another is a tailor to whom our leading man owes a bill, but the majority have not even such slight claims as these.

Once I received a note from a Sunday school teacher who proposed bringing his class of twenty boys to witness the play, which was of a religious character. I wrote that we should be delighted to book seats for him, but pointed out that he had omitted to mention the prices he wanted to pay. At the same time I enclosed a list of our charges. His reply was an indignant protest that he was surprised at our impertinence and considered that, if he gave up his valuable time looking after the class while it was in the theatre, the least we could do was to provide free seats for himself and the boys. Convincing logic, doubtless, but we didn't bite. E. J. MAXWELL.



A GLIMPSE OF ARMY LIFE.

"Plenty to eat, plenty to drink, plenty to smoke, and any number of girls. What?"

When the would-be recruit hears these inducements from the glib lips of the recruiting sergeant, he feels sure that the Army is a fine place indeed, but sometimes he is disappointed, and sets his wits to work in order to secure his discharge. To do this in a legal manner requires the expenditure of £10, a sum which is not always forthcoming.

Few soldiers now would try malingering, for it is scarcely possible to deceive the regimental doctor. The vague internal pains and aches to which the young soldier once asserted himself to be a martyr, can now be readily proved not to exist by the simple process of weighing, for physicians have discovered that illness of any description means a loss of weight, and, if the scales indicate exactly the same figure as they did when the man first entered the Army, the doctor knows that he is perfectly sound.

**SOCIALIST AND SOLDIER.**

But there are other maladies than those of the body. A young soldier whom I have in mind, suddenly became a convert to a kind of socialistic anarchy. He would lecture his comrades on the iniquity of shedding blood under any circumstances whatsoever. He would argue that it was the duty of every soldier to throw down his arms if ordered to face an enemy, and he kept up his lectures far into the night in spite of the boots that were thrown at his devoted head.

His corporal spoke very candidly to him on the matter as also did his sergeant, but his sole reply was to quote to them Bernard Shaw and other authorities, and to endeavour with all the power that was in him to convert them to his own way of thinking. His was indeed a hopeless case, and he was finally discharged as being unfitted for the Army.

Another soldier, this time in a certain cavalry regiment, pretended madness. His eyes wore a frenzied look and when ordered to mount he would pitch himself into the saddle with the utmost adroitness, but by some extraordinary means would alight with his face towards his horse's tail.

**SHAMMING MADNESS.**

When the riding instructor ordered him to gallop round the school, this soldier would drop over his horse's ears, roll in a kind of ball head over heels across the tan, and finally pull up at the feet of the astonished sergeant-major.

Such behaviour might have been considered sufficiently bizarre but this Tommy wished to make things doubly sure. One day he appeared on parade with a postage stamp above his left eyebrow and requested his captain to post him back to mother.

For this he was given a good many days C.B., the authorities imagining that his behaviour was not wholly involuntary.

He succeeded in getting his discharge, however, after a little escapade in which the colonel played a part. The recruit had, unobserved, planted himself on the edge of the roof of the stable and, just as the colonel was about to enter to make a tour of inspection, he emptied a bucket of very dirty water over the gallant officer.

The colonel's name was Rose and the recruit with the utmost gravity assured the beholders that his mother had always said that dirty water was extremely good for roses. Whether the colonel was really convinced of the man's insanity, or whether he dreaded a repetition of this developing process I do not know, but the man was duly discharged.

**THE ABSENT-MINDED RECRUIT.**

One man announced shortly after joining the colours that he was a victim of mental aberration. No symptoms were observed, however, until one day when the men were about to have a game of football. The other soldiers stripped off their tunics but he went a stage further and, when his corporal remonstrated with him, he begged his pardon humbly and assured him that he was under the impression he was going to bed.

Shortly after that, he returned to barracks one evening in charge of a policeman, who informed the sentry that he had found the soldier wandering aimlessly about, and that the latter had requested him to take him back to headquarters, as he had quite forgotten what part of the town they were in.

The forgetful soldier was chaffed a lot, but he did not appear to mind.

From this time his malady developed with great rapidity. A moment after he had heard "'Tention!" he forgot what had been said and imagined he had heard "Dismiss!" and, while the others were ranged up in their serried ranks, he would wander across the parade ground towards the barracks till somebody went after him and brought him back.

**A RAPID CURE.**

He did it all cleverly, for at each exhibition of erring memory he protested the utmost regret, and he really seemed to be doing his best, but, as his appeared to be a hopeless case, he was duly discharged.

He opened a shop in the very town in which his regiment was stationed, and his return to civil life seemed to effect a complete cure, for he has never been known to forget anything since, as soldiers who owe him small accounts will bear me out in saying.

It occasionally happens that a man who has all the instincts of a soldier is quite unable to master the drill and routine, and in such a case he has, of course, to be discharged, generally to his own regret. Here again is an opening for the schemer.

I have in mind one recruit who appeared quite unable to distinguish his left hand from his right.

"Right turn!" the sergeant would call. "Ah, you beauty! Your other right, your other right!"

**THE SERGEANT'S TRIALS.**

And even then the tyro would start marking time. The sergeant was a short-tempered man, and I should have imagined that it would have been impossible for any recruit under him not to do his best, for when the sergeant was displeased he managed to infuse into his pupils not a fear merely of disciplinary punishment but a fear for their very lives and immortal souls, but, swear he never so originally, this particular recruit proved a nut he could not crack.

I once interrupted him while he was putting the awkward squad through their facings, and he laid the pathetic case before me, giving the squad certain instructions and inviting me to watch how Third-to-the-right obeyed them. Apparently the sergeant was not disappointed in his expectations, for Third-to-the-right behaved with special clumsiness.

After the man had been discharged, his former employer wrote to the colonel asking how he was getting on. It appeared that this man had been a performer in a circus and our correspondent ventured to hope that he would make an extremely good soldier, as he had always been able to learn stage drill with remarkable quickness. KENNETH BARKER, *Capt.*

# JU-JU-TSU.

## What it Is and What it Does.

THE definition of the word "JU-JU-TSU," from a Japanese Dictionary, is a kind of wrestling in which dexterity or trick plays a more important part than physical strength. It is synonymous with "YAWARATORI," the art of throwing others by sleight-of-hand (and leg) tricks, said to have been introduced by a naturalised Chinese and improved by some Japanese in the Kiean Era. Besides being the most perfect style of Self-Defence, it is a concentrated exercise suitable for those who live in town and have not time for outdoor sports. It is an exercise, a game, and a system of Self-Defence all in one. It is suitable for young and old, light and heavy, and for either sex. The practise of Ju-Ju-Tsu will develop Health, Strength, Endurance, Vitality, Will-Power, Self-Confidence, and also cure Dyspepsia, Corpulency, Constipation, Nervousness, etc., etc.

### No Exertion Required.

JU-JU-TSU is eminently suited for WEAK CONSTITUTIONS, as it does not call for great physical strength, but at the same time it affords a gentle exercise which will produce a symmetrical development and bring the body to, and maintain it in, a fine healthy condition. As a means of protection its claims to pre-eminence are well founded; being scientific it enables those who have a practical knowledge of it to overcome, and if necessary, disable the most powerful assailant even if taken at a disadvantage—size, weight and strength not being important factors.

### What You Accomplish.

Quickness, agility, resource, simultaneous thought and action are naturally and easily acquired by those who practise it under competent supervision and instruction; and these, with a knowledge of BALANCE, how to BREAK ONE'S FALL, and how to apply leverage when an assailant is at an anatomical disadvantage (some of the many important features of Ju-Ju-Tsu) render one more fitted in every way to take care of oneself under any conditions or emergencies.

Apart from all question of the value and interest of the subject that it teaches, the School has set itself to supply a definite want. The School will be a place to which a man may go on any day and at any time that he feels the desire for exercise. He need make no appointment. He may bring friends to watch the lesson. The busy man, the man with forty-five minutes to spare, the man who could just get in a lesson on his way to business or before catching an evening train—all these have but to ring up the School to secure in advance a lesson at any time; and at the School they can change, have their fill of exercise, bathe and depart within the space of 45 minutes. No one is too old to learn. Special care is given to elderly pupils. JU-JU-TSU can be made as strenuous or as light as one may desire.

### Pupils have every advantage.

A pupil need give no previous notice of his intention to take a lesson unless he wishes it at any special hour.

Pupils may take two lessons a day if desired or they may take two lessons running. Before or after his lesson a pupil may practise as long as he may choose, either by himself or with other pupils.

A pupil may change from any one course to another (longer) course, provided always that he has not completed more than half his original course.

The fees include use of jackets, lockers, baths, &c., except washing of pupil's clothes. A pupil may buy his jacket for 12s. 6d.; Knickers 3s. 6d.

Although JU-JU-TSU is the speciality of the School, the following subjects are taught scientifically by experts, at the same rates as JU-JU-TSU:

BOXING, WRESTLING, FENCING, PHYSICAL CULTURE, &c.

---

***Write for full particulars as to terms for individual and class tuition, to:***

## Prof. W. H. GARRUD,

*(Late Professor of Raku Uyenishi) one of the Founders of the Gymnastic Teachers' Institute.*

**31a, GOLDEN SQ., PICCADILLY, W.**

# THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

### NURSING YOUR CLOTHES.

I should put down the life of a good suit, if it is to be hacked out, at six months or less.

Carefully treated, it should last and look well for two years. I do not mean, of course, that it will have this length of life if it is worn constantly, but only when it has taken its fair turn with others.

When a suit is taken off it ought to be shaken thoroughly and brushed, and then folded away in a drawer.

I should not recommend you to fold it in the manner in which tailors do when they send your things home, for their methods are intended to apply only to garments in transit. You had better fold the coat on a table or bed. Lay the two shoulders together, and flatten the garment down so that the button-holes will lie alongside the backs of the buttons.

The back of the coat must be pushed in till the centre of it rests just between the buttons and button-holes. Care must be taken that the collar is not bent otherwise than it would be when the garment is on your back. Keeping the sleeves absolutely straight, lift the coat into the drawer.

Any number of coats folded in this way may be stored one on top of the other without suffering the least injury. In fact the weight of a few additional garments helps to smooth out any wrinkles which may have appeared about the sleeves or the lapels.

Waistcoats should be turned inside out, and the back lining folded to one side, leaving no folds whatsoever in the cloth part of the garment.

### BRACES.

Probably no article for men's wear has received so much attention from well-meaning inventors as the braces. We have for years been familiar with weird arrangements specially designed to enable the wearer to bend in any direction without upsetting the correct hang of his trousers.

The object in view is all right. It is the braces that are all wrong, at least so far as concerns the man of moderate means. Improved braces are very nice for a week or so, but after that they become frayed, or some of the elaborate contraptions get undone. To keep yourself in braces of this sort you would have to spend about as much as you do on hats and collars together.

There is another kind of troublesome brace, and one that you may possibly have acquired during the last week as a Christmas present from some lady friend; the kind I mean are those adorned with fancy work, roses and things and so forth. They are very unsatisfactory, because the silk thread gets frayed and untidy.

### THE SIMPLER THE BETTER.

Thus, after many disappointments, we return to the old-fashioned style, without any patent adjustments. There is small need to be extravagant in this matter; a florin will get you a pair made of web that will last six months, or half-a-crown will buy those of the more substantial leather that will last a year or longer.

And what of our bending and the set of our trousers? When we are at work which necessitates much bending we shall continue to wear a belt, a means of trouser suspension which is too effective and too simple for the inventors to bother about.

### DOUBLE LIFE FOR DOUBLE COLLARS.

I have a little tip which may be of service. You must have noticed how double collars get cracked at the corners after being washed once or twice at the laundry.

Generally the owner sighs and throws them into the fire when he observes these defects; but the average collar is faced with linen inside as well as out, and its life can be doubled by simply drawing a few lines with marking ink across the collar on the side that has previously been the one shown to the world.

You can make matters still more certain by writing upon it, also in marking ink, "Dress other side."

The laundress will then be obliged to turn the collar as you direct, and it will be sent home to you looking in every respect as good as new.

### CLEANING BROWN BOOTS.

There is no possible way of keeping the ordinary brown boot light in colour. If you run to the expense of Russia calf you will have a pair of boots that will actually become lighter in the course of wear, but they cost more than the average man cares to pay.

Your policy in dealing with brown boots should be to keep them spotless as long as possible, and, when they begin to grow dark, bow to the inevitable.

The first application of polish is the beginning of the darkening process; if you are very particular about keeping the colour, you should not use polish except to the edges of the soles for the first few days, simply rubbing the rest of the boot with a soft cloth. Stains at this period may be removed with a piece of soft indiarubber.

Presently the day arrives when an application of polish becomes imperative. Your chief concern now must be to use as little as possible, for the more you put on the quicker the boots get dark.

A good plan is to dip a rag in the polish tin and then rub it on the palm of your hand instead of applying it direct to the boot. This will ensure an even distribution, and will help you to avoid making those dark patches which result from a careless application of polish.

The boots should now be rubbed with a dry cloth, and a soft brush will come in very useful for taking out any smudges of polish or dust that may have found lodgment in the little punch-holes with which the toe-cap is ornamented.

Let the brush be kept exclusively for brown boots; if it has once been used for black it will destroy the appearance of a brown pair in rather less than a minute.

If you want a particularly bright shine, rub a piece of ordinary beeswax on your polishing brush and finish off with a soft rag or an old silk handkerchief. The resultant surface will be fit to give a reflection.

### CLEANING YOUR BOOTS YOURSELF.

In the early stages of a pair of brown boots you will be wise if you attend to the cleaning of the boots yourself, instead of handing them over to the tender mercies of the domestic servants—that is, of course, unless you are the fortunate possessor of a valet to whom you may safely entrust these tasks of nicety.

The average housemaid knows nothing whatsoever about the correct way of cleaning boots. Brown boots she smudges over with lumps of polish, making them dark and patchy; when she is doing black boots she applies the polish to the laces and the leather indiscriminately, thus ensuring that your fingers will be blackened every time you put your boots on.

You may reasonably argue that you would be wasting time cleaning your own boots when you can hand them over to someone else, even though that someone does the work less satisfactorily than you would; please yourself, but if you expect the housemaid to treat a pair of new brown boots as they should be treated, you are longing for the moon.

### TROUSER PRESSES.

When you begin to use a trouser press, you should start with only one pair of trousers, as it takes rather skilful manipulation to press several pairs satisfactorily at the same time.

Fold the trousers in the right way so that the creases will run directly down the front of the leg, and lay the garment on the press so that the foot projects just a little beyond the line of the farthest off pair of screws.

Now lay on the upper part of the press and turn the four screws till they are almost home. Then screw up the farthest off pair till they grip the bottoms of the trouser legs securely.

The common practice is now to pull the top of the trousers towards you; a press so used will rapidly destroy the shape of the best cut garment.

When the bottoms of the trousers have been secured, pull the top gently towards you and then pull the seat towards one side of the press, turn the thumb-screw above it, and then pull the front part of the trousers not towards you but away from the seat. When this is done screw down the fourth thumb-screw.

In this way the cloth is simply made flat and then pressed, and there is no violent stretching to pull the garment out of shape.

### PRESSING A QUANTITY.

In dealing with several pairs of trousers at the same time, have a long sheet of cardboard between each pair, and another bit of card on top of the lot. If you omit this precaution you will find the trousers rimmed with the folds of those above them.

It is essential that the screws of the trouser press should be kept well greased if they are to work satisfactorily. In drawing out trousers from the press, always pull out the cardboard with them. This will prevent their coming in contact with the oily screw which would otherwise sully their beauty.

### HAIR SHIRT SURVIVALS.

I do not know whether the makers of underwear have intentionally designed their products on the lines of the penitential hair shirts of the Middle Ages, but I should imagine they would answer the same purpose remarkably well.

Most of us on putting on woollen underwear at the beginning of winter, experience the irritation caused by the ends of hair which protrude from the surface of the material. In most cases this becomes unnoticed after a day or two, as the skin accommodates itself to the new conditions.

I know many men, however, who cannot tolerate a woollen vest at any time, and in case you should be like them, dear reader, allow me to give you this hint. Under the woollen vest wear a thin cotton vest of the kind that you can buy at any hosier's for eighteenpence or so. If your finances will run to a silk vest to wear beneath the woollen one, so much the better.

There is a foolish tradition about the virtues of unwashed wool, and some men who possess a keen recollection of the sayings of their grandmother, believe that they would be depriving themselves of an excellent opportunity to attain health should they consent to having their woollen underwear washed immediately on its arrival from the hosier's. They tell you that there are certain oils in the wool which are highly beneficial, but which are immediately removed on the contact of soap and water.

I have sometimes wondered whether the tramp has any similar belief in regard to the essential oils which make his face so glossy. The notion is a dirty one anyhow. Whatever you pay for your underwear, you do not know where it has been made. The probabilities are that it comes from an East-End sweating den, where it had first-rate opportunities of getting contaminated with all the diseases in the pharmacopœia and a few others.

Moreover, a proper washing softens the wool and makes it less liable to irritate the skin, and I always make a practice of dispatching my underwear direct to the wash without even undoing the string of the parcel it comes in.

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# Doctor and Patient Discover Cure for Catarrh.

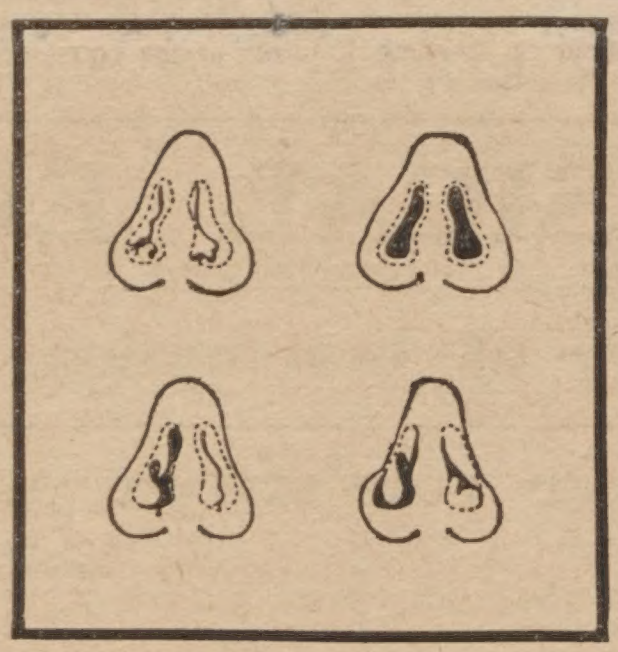
## DISCOVERY OF METHOD OF FREEING THE AIR-PASSAGES THAT RENDERS CONTINUANCE OF THIS HITHERTO INCURABLE COMPLAINT IMPOSSIBLE.

Great success is attending the new cure for Catarrh.

It is interesting to note that the cure is the joint discovery of a doctor and his patient, between whom there was a bond of mutual sympathy and interest developed by reason of the fact that both suffered from Catarrh. The patient's case was the worse of the two. Indeed, the patient's lungs were beginning to be seriously affected, and, what with the constant coughing and spitting, and the difficulty of breathing, his life became a struggle for breath itself.

The doctor's own personal interest in the treatment of Catarrh led him to try this, that, and the other thing, but all without avail, and the patient's own case steadily grew worse.

It is significant that the medical man confined his search to the domain of drugs—such is the power of one's special training. The only thing that seemed to benefit the patient was a balsamic and antiseptic compound. The latter's influence, however, was negative rather than positive. It relieved, but did not cure.



Specimens of Anatomical Illustrations of the Book on Respiratory Re-Education.

### BOOK BY THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

One morning the doctor was astonished to receive an early visit from his patient while at breakfast.

"What!" said the doctor, "have you found a cure for your and my Catarrh?"

"Yes, I believe I have," said the patient-visitor.

"Yes; I, too, believe you have," declared the doctor, after hearing his patient's account of his discovery.

Now, the whole story of the discovery and the physiological "reason why" are set forth in a treatise which the doctor and his patient have together compiled and published for the benefit of other Catarrh-afflicted members of the public.

Doctor and patient have only just published their joint treatise. First, the doctor wanted to try the discovery on himself. He did, and he quickly got well. Even then the conservatively scientific mind of the doctor (much as he wished to believe the discovery to be the long-awaited cure for Catarrh) raised doubts and fears in regard to the discovery, especially as to whether it would cure all other Catarrh sufferers as well as one or two.

The cured and sanguine patient was all for publishing the good news at once. A single swallow was the sign of summer to him; but the doctor, while not sceptical, preferred to wait for further evidence of the curative power of the discovery. Accordingly the cure was tried by friends of patient and doctor alike. Each searched the highways and byways of his acquaintanceship for Catarrh-affected persons, and one after the other, men and women of all ages, they all quickly got rid of their Catarrh.

### A PHYSIOLOGICAL CURE.

The doctor is even now writing a technical treatise for the benefit of his professional brethren, and no doubt would have felt it his duty to confine his knowledge within ethical limits. He realised, however, that the important part played in the discovery by a layman renders it impossible for him to act in any professionally selfish spirit towards the public.

Hence, the book just published is offered to any member of the public who has reason to wish for knowledge of how to cure his or her Catarrh, whether it be simple .post-nasal Catarrh, or the more seriously advanced stages where the ears and hearing, or the lungs and breathing, are affected. It is curious, too, to note that the treatment is an absolute cure for "snoring."

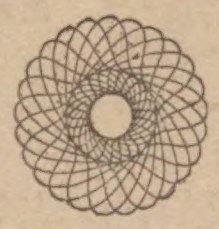
"Respiratory Re-Education: A Cure for Catarrh," is the title of this book, a copy of which will be sent free of cost and post free to all who apply for it to The Authors, "Respiratory Re-Education," 20, Rhycol Building, 129, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

# A MYSTERIOUS SCIENTIFIC NOVELTY.

**Magical Machine Called "The Mysterion" Produces the Most Intricate and Exquisitely Beautiful Designs.**

***Will be All the Rage this Christmas, and the Scientific Novelty of 1909.***

Each year sees one novelty outstrip all others in popularity. The Novelty that will be all the rage this Xmas Season—and during the 1909 Season—will be the appropriately named "Mysterion." Last season it was the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top," of which, it is interesting to note, the Playground of Science Co. sold over a quarter of a million during the first ten weeks following its introduction. The same firm of Scientific Experts are responsible for the latest Novelty, "The Mysterion."



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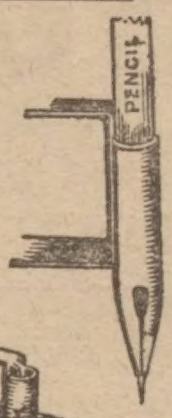
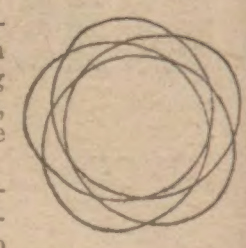
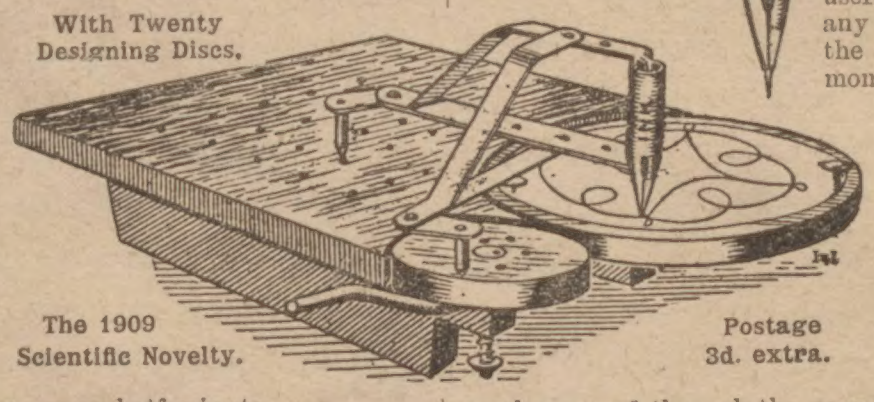


It is gratifying to know that we are not this time indebted for this latest novelty to either an ingenious Frenchman, or a cute Yankee, or a learned German. The "Mysterion" is the invention of an Englishman who took First Honours in the Mechanical Science Tripos at Cambridge. In durability and infinity of interest "The Mysterion" should easily and quickly eclipse the wonderful selling record achieved by the "Rainbow Ball-Bearing Top."

The possibilities of "The Mysterion" are truly mystifying in their infinite variety. There is no end to the exquisitely beautiful and puzzlingly intricate designs that this marvellous machine will produce at the rate of one every half-minute.

**With Twenty Designing Discs.**



**The 1909 Scientific Novelty.**

**Postage 3d. extra.**

There could be no better present to a child or juvenile of any age, while every adult of artistic tastes will be just as fascinated by the extraordinary work it does. To watch it "weaving" its designs with unerring accuracy and speed is uncanningly fascinating.

The average boy will forsake soldiers and all other toys for the wonder-weaving work of "The Mysterion."

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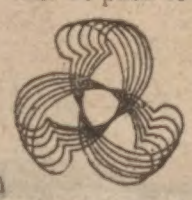
The reason of its fascination is that the work of "The Mysterion," appeals so strongly, —and so worthily—to that inherent human desire to "make something"—especially "something" that both interests and pleases—something that will be a joy to look upon, such as is all the work of "The Mysterion."

Another remarkable feature missing from most novelties and playthings is that just because no two designing attempts are alike, the "life" of interesting usefulness of "The Mysterion" is longer than that of any other mechanical article which goes on repeating the same movement or action until it becomes monotonously uninteresting.

Imagine the added and unusual value of a Scientific Novelty that *remains a novelty for days, weeks, and months*—until even variety itself at last satisfies the human craving for novelty.

As will be seen, "The Mysterion" designs with either pen or pencil. For the former, "The Mysterion is fitted with a new patent fountain pen—alone worth half the price of the whole machine. This fountain pen is easily adapted to pencil work. Just "shave" a pencil until it can be pressed through the round point of the fountain pen. Use a long (soft) pencil, to get sufficient weight on the lead to "make it mark" on the paper discs.

We have illustrated this announcement with just a few examples of the work of "The Mysterion," which, be it noted, has a wider range of possibilities than designing machines which cost more. Every reader desirous of securing one (or more) of "The Mysterion" had better send order at once. Careful attention will be paid to orders of readers who desire several "Mysterions" sent to different addresses. The price is only 1s. (or 1s. 3d. carriage paid), or with 50 each extra Circular and Irregular Designing Discs (100 extra), 1s. 9d., post free. Two "Mysterions" *to same address* for 2s. 3d. Three for 3s. Six for 5s. If sent to different addresses, Two for 2s. 4d. Three for 3s. 3d. Six for 6s. Senders' cards or notes will be correctly enclosed if required.



**The Playground of Science** (INVENTORS AND PATENTEES OF SCIENTIFIC NOVELTIES), **80, Albert House, 73, Farringdon St., E.C.**

# THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR.

## A Library of Instruction in Music.

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The aim of THE MUSICAL EDUCATOR is to supply in compact and interesting form a complete and systematic musical education.

We would especially draw attention to the following features, the practical value of which will be apparent to all students and professors of music and singing:

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By Mark Hambourg.

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By Edwin H. Le Mare.

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By Mdme. Marchesi.

**On Playing the Violin.**
By John Dunn.

**The Art of Conducting.**
By Dr. F. H. Cowen.

The titles of a few of the other sections are appended. Every branch of Musical Culture is dealt with by an expert.

Course on Voice Training, Singing and Solfeggio. Course on the Pianoforte. Course on the Violin. (By Wm. Daly. Positions Illustrated by Diagrams and Photographs specially made for this work.) Course on Harmonium and American Organ. Course on the Organ. Lessons on Scientific Basis of Music. Lessons on Rudiments of Music. Course on Harmony and Counterpoint. Lessons in Canon and Fugue. Lessons in Musical Forms, Musical Analysis, and Composition. Dictionary of Musical Terms. Articles on the Instruments used in Orchestras and in Military Bands. History of Music. Biographical Dictionary of Musicians. Articles on Children's Music and Musical Drill. Article on Choir Training and Conducting. Article on Congregational Music. Article on Musical Degrees and Education. Article on Nationality in Music.

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**[TWO OPINIONS.]**

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Particulars of your plan by which the five volumes are delivered for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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